

# Newport Mercury

WHOLE NUMBER 9107

NEWPORT, R. I., FEBRUARY 25, 1922

VOLUME CLXIII—NO. 38

## The Mercury.

PUBLISHED BY—

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

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A. H. SANBORN, }

Mercury Building,

127 THAMES STREET  
NEWPORT, R. I.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Newport, R. I., under the Act of March 3d, 1879.

Established June, 1768, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable letters and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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## Local Matters.

### TRAINING STATION COSTS.

The naval committee of the local Chamber of Commerce has compiled a comparative statement of the costs of training recruits at Newport and at Norfolk, and has forwarded its report to Congressman Burdick who has presented the same to the committee on naval affairs. That committee is now engaged in a study of the figures and there is ground for hope that the Newport Training Station may be preserved in preference to that at Norfolk. The figures, as compiled by the committee from official reports, show that the cost of training a recruit at Newport is \$42.14 and at Norfolk is \$55.24.

Not only is there a great economy in the actual cost per man at Newport, but there are many other advantages here as set forth by the committee. The buildings at the Newport Station are of permanent construction and good for many years, while at Norfolk they are wooden structures erected during the rush of war times and their life can be for but a few years. The health conditions here are vastly better than at Norfolk, and the same can be said for the moral conditions, as borne out by the statements of high officers of the navy.

The Newport delegation in Congress is working hard to bring the comparative costs to the attention of members of Congress as well as to the naval committees of both bodies, and they feel much encouraged as to the prospects for the future in Newport. It is sometimes believed that the agricultural block in Congress comprising members from the West and South, are working to butter each other's bread but if the sentiment for economy through the country prevails Newport ought to lead regardless of influence.

The will of Emma B. Andrews has been admitted to probate in the local Probate Court. Judge Sullivan has also directed the filing in this court of a certain deed of trust made by the late Theodore M. Davis. Many individuals and institutions are interested and many lawyers from important cities were in court on Monday when the Andrews will was proved.

It is expected that the addition to the Rogers High School will be completed early in April, and the department will make use of the building as soon as it can be turned over to the city. It will be a great relief to the pupils and faculty of the school.

Mr. Conde Nast has rented the Abney cottage on Leroy avenue for the season of 1922. This is the same house that he occupied for a portion of last summer.

A floating mine a short distance to the south of Block Island and in the path of navigation has been reported to the United States Hydrographic Office.

A soldier from Fort Adams has been taken by Massachusetts police to answer to a charge of a hold up in the town of Northbridge.

Rev. Stanley C. Hughes has returned from several months in Europe where he has been pursuing an advanced course of study.

Next Wednesday will be the first day of Spring, though the almanac tells us that Spring does not begin till March 21.

### LEVY FOR JUDGE.

Senator Max Levy of this city has received the endorsement of the caucus of the Republican members of the General Assembly from Newport County for the vacancy in the Judgeship of the First District Court, caused by the promotion of Judge Hugh B. Baker to the Superior Court bench. Early next week the General Assembly will meet in grand committee to elect the judge, and without doubt Senator Levy will be elected.

The caucus was held on Thursday and two candidates were named, Mr. E. J. Corcoran and Senator Levy. The vote stood 10 to 6 in favor of the Senator, and the caucus then voted to make it unanimous. This means that Mr. Corcoran will probably not be a candidate on the floor unless he might be nominated by the Democrats.

Senator Levy has practiced before the Rhode Island bar for many years and has an excellent reputation as an attorney. For a long time before his admission to the bar he was the official court stenographer in Newport County, gaining his first knowledge of legal practice in this manner, a knowledge that has stood him well throughout his professional life. He should make an able and impartial judge.

### BROWN ALUMNI DINK.

The annual meeting and dinner of the Newport Brown Alumni Association was held at the Bellevue on Thursday evening, and as usual was a very pleasant affair. President Alan R. Wheeler presided, and the principal address was delivered by Professor Albert Davis Mead of Brown University. There was a good attendance of members and a few guests. A silent tribute was paid to the memory of two members who have died, Hon. William Paine Sheffield and Rev. Emory H. Porter.

The election of officers resulted in the choice of William P. Sheffield as president, John H. Nolan as first vice president, J. Russell Haire as second vice president, Alfred G. Langley as secretary-treasurer and William P. Buifum, Clarence A. Carr and William R. Harvey as the executive committee.

### BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

There was a little flurry in the board of aldermen on Thursday evening when the petition for a garage on Friendship street came up for action. Alderman Thompson had investigated the petition of Louis Walker for a garage, and reported that there were many remonstrances against it. Some of the members thought that to locate the garage on Friendship street would be choosing the lesser of two evils and a motion to grant the permit brought two votes in the affirmative and two in the negative. Alderman Hughes, who was presiding in the absence of Mayor Mahoney, voted in the affirmative and the permit was granted.

A large amount of routine business was transacted.

Mr. Donald E. Spears has returned from Washington where he attended the session of the George Washington Memorial Association as representative of the Grand Council of Rhode Island, Royal and Select Masters. The Association is ready to begin work on the magnificent temple which will be built at Alexandria as a memorial to George Washington, and it is expected that the ceremony of laying the cornerstone will take place in the autumn.

Mr. William S. Bailey observed his eighty-second birthday on Tuesday, entertaining a number of friends at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey King in the evening. Mr. Bailey is Commander of Lawton-Warren Post, G. A. R., and many of his old comrades were in the gathering that greeted him. A delightful evening was spent with music and refreshments.

John Foster of Bath road is held in default of bail at the Newport County Jail on a charge of assault with a dangerous weapon. It is alleged that he cut another man with a razor during an argument on the street early Thursday morning.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Vera Ackers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard M. Ackers, and Ensign J. C. Harris, U. S. N. The wedding took place at Los Angeles on February 12.

Ordnance Sergeant Thomas H. Lawton of the Newport Artillery Company was eighty-seven years old on Friday. He has been at Wallum Lake for some time.

### WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Wednesday was the anniversary of the birth of George Washington and was very generally observed as a holiday in Newport. All banks and public offices were closed throughout the day, and there were few retail stores open. There was no parade and no programme for observance, but the gun squad of the Newport Artillery, under command of Captain William M. Thompson, fired a salute at noon.

In the afternoon, the members of William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, gathered at the Channing Parlors for an observance of the day, and a very interesting programme was presented. Mrs. Isabelle Taylor of Boston, presented a number of patriotic and dramatic readings which were heartily applauded. There were also musical numbers by Miss Edith Piereson on the violin and Miss Frances Tennant on the piano.

The annual military ball of the Newport Artillery Company was held at the Army on Clarke street in the evening, and was a very brilliant affair. The hall was attractively decorated and the members of the company made a fine appearance in their dress uniforms of Colonial pattern. There were many military guests present also in the uniforms of their various commands. Attractive dance programmes from the Mercury Office carried out the colonial suggestion. Captain H. S. Brown was chairman of the committee of arrangements and had a large staff of assistants.

### HOTEL PUBLICITY.

Mr. Foster, of the "Ask Mr. Foster" tourist bureau, came to Newport on Monday and had conferences with the publicity committee and also with the members council of the Chamber of Commerce, during both of which he gave the members much valuable information in regard to hotel propositions and also to the resort business in general. Before Mr. Foster left the city a contract was signed for another year's publicity through his bureau. He answered all the questions that were propounded to him by the members and those were not a few.

President Conron told the council of the work that has been done along the lines of a new hotel. Several big chain hotel systems have been consulted, but it is not felt that just the best proposition for Newport has been reached, and the committee will keep on trying until they have something to offer that will seem to comply with the needs of the community. Representatives of two hotel systems have been here, and have expressed a willingness to operate a hotel when it is built. One of them wants a much more expensive hotel than the other. In any event, it is believed that the community must build the hotel, and that it will be furnished by the lessee. It is felt that the first hotel will be but a stepping stone to others which will mean prosperity to Newport.

### PIRATES OF PENZANCE.

The Community Chorus, composed of local singers, produced the famous Gilbert & Sullivan opera, "The Pirates of Penzance" before good houses at the Colonial Theatre on Wednesday and Thursday. The production was very creditable, and showed the result of careful training and rehearsals. The principal characters were taken by Messrs. Harry W. Scoville, Lawrence Weaver, Henry C. Wilkinson, Vernon B. Kelleff, and Rowland T. Peckham, Mrs. Mabel Wilson Dawley, Miss Elizabeth C. Dwyer, Miss Edith W. Jurgens, Mrs. Sarah Royle Hodgson, and Mrs. Kathryn Gurr Birkinshaw. All were excellent and many encores were demanded by the large audiences.

Funeral services for Mrs. Margaret A. Pike and her son, Walter Allen Pike, Jr., were held on Monday. The bodies were temporarily placed in the receiving vault in the Island Cemetery, and will be interred at St. Columba's later. Alfred Koschney, who is held on a charge of murder at the Newport County Jail, is reported as being in improved health. His condition last week was rather poor.

Mrs. T. C. Libby of this city has just returned from her old home at Skowhegan, Maine. She reports the thermometer there last week thirty-five degrees below zero, and the snow twenty feet deep.

The Superior Court for Newport County will commence its March term one week from Monday. It is probable that one of the two new judges will preside. It will most likely be Judge Capostoto.

### JOHN B. MASON.

Mr. John B. Mason, one of the older citizens of Newport and a prominent member of the Grand Army of the Republic, died at his home on Division street on Wednesday after a long illness. Although he had been in poor health for a long time, he continued his active interest in the Veterans organizations until the last, and at the time of his death was president of Company F Association, comprised mainly of Newport men who went out in that company in the First Rhode Island Volunteers. He was formerly a member of General G. R. Warren Post, G. A. R., and when that was merged with Charles E. Lawton Post, he continued his active work in the new organization. He was one of the very few survivors of Company F Association.

Mr. Mason was in his eighty-third year and had spent his entire life in Newport. He was formerly engaged in the grain business, and later for many years conducted a local express. His last employment was with the highway department of the city.

He was one of the oldest members of Rhode Island Lodge No. 2, I. O. O. F., having joined that organization in 1873, and in 1879 he was Noble Grand of the lodge, being at the time of his death the oldest Past Grand with the exception of City Treasurer John M. Taylor, who served in 1874.

Mr. Mason is survived by three sons, Dr. Edward Y. Mason, Harry Mason, and John B. Mason, Jr., as well as by a number of grand children. His wife died several years ago.

### HENRY C. M. SANFORD.

Mr. Henry C. M. Sanford, a well known painter and a descendant of an old colonial family, died at his home on Congdon avenue on Sunday, after an illness of several weeks. He learned the painter's trade in the establishment of the late William H. Green, and afterward worked for the late George G. Barker and his successors. He was of a quiet and retiring nature but those who knew him esteemed him very highly.

He leaves a widow, one son, Mr. Howard B. Sanford of the local post-office, and one daughter, Miss Ella W. Sanford, of the teaching staff of school department. Two sisters, Mrs. Benjamin P. Tanner and Mrs. Robert P. Peckham, also survive.

### JOHN J. SULLIVAN.

Mr. John J. Sullivan, who died at the Newport Hospital on Wednesday, was well known locally as an athlete, being particularly distinguished for his ability on the basketball floor. He had been a member of a number of successful teams, and his death may be attributed, in part at least, to injuries received in a game several weeks ago. He had been under treatment at the Hospital for some time, and his case had been regarded as very serious from the first. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Sullivan, residing on Simmons street; also by a son, about five years of age. His wife died several years ago.

### RICHARD W. CORBIN.

Mr. Richard W. Corbin died at the Underwood Cottage on Wednesday after a considerable period of ill health. He was a native of Virginia but had made his home in Paris for a number of years until the outbreak of the World War, when he came to Newport with Mrs. Corbin and had since made his home here. He spent several years at Pine Lodge, but some time ago removed to the Underwood Cottage where he died. He is survived by a widow and two sons, Messrs. Richard Beverly Corbin and James Corbin.

The annual school play was presented at St. George's School on Tuesday evening under the direction of Mr. H. F. Preston, when the amusing comedy "Green Stockings" was successfully staged. As usual there was a large gathering of parents of the boys, many having come from long distances to be present on that evening.

The new Elgin street sweeper was given a try-out by the highway department on Broadway Thursday afternoon. It swept a wide stretch of roadway and made a very favorable impression upon the volunteer inspectors who followed its course.

Superintendent Herbert W. Lull will start to-day for Chicago to attend the annual convention of school superintendents of the country.

Mr. T. T. Pitman plans to leave for a trip to Florida early next week. He will be away about a month.

### SOME BIG SNOW STORMS.

Newport experienced some rather cold weather the last part of last week, the thermometer hovered around the zero mark Friday and Saturday, and there was several inches of snow, just enough to make fairly good sleighing for a day or two. But this cold wave and storm, compared with some in the days of long ago, would appear but a gentle zephyr. Two hundred and five years ago yesterday, February 24, 1717, a snow storm took place which covered the ground so deep that people could not pass from one house to another. It was from ten to twenty feet deep, so that people dug paths from one house to another under the snow. It soon cruised over so that people walked on it from their chamber windows.

Another great storm took place on the 22nd of December 1778. At that time the British army was quartered in Newport. The cold was so intense that the sentinels were frozen to death at their posts, and many more perished in their quarters. This storm was afterwards known as the "Hessian storm" from the great number of soldiers of that nation who perished.

In January 1780 a period of steady cold commenced, which lasted forty days. During all that time even on the sunny side of buildings in warm situations, there was no indication of a thaw. Snow eddied and drifted, paths opened were immediately filled up, and communication with the outside world was entirely cut off. The suffering in Newport was intense. Narragansett Bay was frozen over for six weeks, and the ice extended from the shore as far as the eye could see.

There have been other big storms since that time but these will answer as an example of what Newport has had in the past.

### NEWPORT CHAPTER, R. A. M.

The annual convocation of Newport Chapter, No. 2, Royal Arch Masons, was held on Thursday evening, when Howard K. D'Wolf of Bristol, Right Excellent Deputy Grand High Priest, presided over the election and installed the officers. Following the installation, the retiring High Priest, Robert G. Biesel, was presented with a handsome jewel emblematic of his rank by High Priest Alexander J. MacIver.

The new officers of Newport Chapter are as follows:

High Priest—Alexander J. MacIver.  
King—Alvah H. Sanborn.  
Scribe—Gardiner B. Reynolds.  
Treasurer—William H. Bevans.  
Secretary—George H. Kelley.  
Chaplain—Donald E. Spears.  
Captain of Host—Chester Staats.  
Principal Sojourner—Fred W. Johnston.  
Royal Arch Captain—William A. Perkins.  
3rd. Veil—Benjamin F. Downing.  
2nd. Veil—Roland L. Barratt.  
1st. Veil—George F. Ward.  
Senior Steward—Herbert P. Harrison.  
Junior Steward—Harold G. Burdick.  
Musical Director—T. Frederick Harry.  
Sentinel—Edward E. Taylor.  
Trustees of Permanent Fund—J. Irving Shepley, William H. Langley, and Robert W. Curry.  
Light refreshments were served at the close of the convocation.

### MIDDLETOWN.

(From our regular correspondent)  
Court of Probate.

At the session of the Probate Court held on Monday February 20, all the members were present when the following estates were passed upon:

Estate of Mary E. Tucker. On the petition of Elmer E. Tucker will was proved and ordered recorded. Letters testamentary were directed to issue to Elmer E. Tucker, as Executor, bond being required in the sum of \$1,000.00 with the Southern Surety Company as surety. Alice M. Connolly was appointed appraiser.

Estate of Jane E. Albrow. The first and final account of William A. Peckham, Executor, was verified, allowed and ordered recorded.

Estate of Carrie L. Peckham. The first and final account of Edward E. Peckham, Executor, was continued for further hearing to March 20.

Estate of Lida W. Peckham. Clinton G. Smith, the administrator, presented a petition representing said estate insolvent and praying for the appointment of a Commissioner, to hear and determine claims disallowed. Petition was referred to the third Monday of March and notice ordered thereon.

The administrator presented another petition, for leave to sell real estate situated on the easterly side of Aquidneck avenue. This petition was also referred to the third Monday in March with an order of notice.

In Town Council, claims for damages done to hens by dogs were presented by the following named persons: Otto Ehrhardt, \$1.70, George B. Connolly, \$1.60, William V. Hart, \$1.60, Daniel A. Carter, \$1.60. These claims were allowed and ordered paid as provided by law.

Aquidneck Grange was granted a license to conduct a masked ball at the town hall on the evening of Monday, February 27, on the petition of the committee in charge of the affair.

The matter of providing fire protection in Middletown was discussed at the Council meeting on last Monday, and the merits of a fire engine manufactured by the Waterons Fire Engine Company of St. Paul, Minnesota were explained and emphasized by a representative of the company who visited the town for the express purpose of introducing his company, in case any fire apparatus is purchased by the town. The particular fire engine shown by photograph at Monday's meeting, is built on the Combination plan and can be used for applying chemicals or throwing water. The price was put at \$3,400.00 but would be sold on an extended credit. The selling agent was extremely anxious to give a demonstration of the capacity of his engine for throwing water, and was willing to pay the expenses of a visit to New York city of any committee appointed by the Town Council.

The Town Council adjourned to meet as a Board of Conveyancers at the town hall, on Monday, March 6, 1922, for correcting the voting lists to be used at the Financial Town Meeting, to be held on Saturday, March 11.

Accounts were ordered paid as follows: Henry C. Sherman, for shoveling snow in Road Dist. No. 2, \$28.80; John H. Spooner, for shoveling snow in Road Dist. No. 1, \$25.60; Carl Jurgens, for cinders applied to highways, \$7.00; Barker Bros. & Co., for repairing furnace at Town Hall, \$28.00; American Surety Co., for guaranteeing bond of tax collector, \$100.00; Newport Electric Corporation, for electric light at Town Hall, \$2.24; New England Telephone & Telegraph Co., for use of three telephones during month of February, \$8.16; Marguerite Elliott, for examining cultures, \$19.00; City of Newport for antitoxin and tubes, \$10.69; George Bowen Coal Co., for 1 ton of nut coal, \$16.75; The T. T. Pitman Corporation for advertising, \$23.00; G. Alvin Simmons, for services as member of Public School Committee, \$25.00; Walsh Brothers, for stove pipe and elbows, \$2.80; Mary E. Manchester, for five weeks' assistance in Town Clerk's Office, \$50.00; Mercury Publishing Co., for printing 800 tax books, \$413.00; Joseph A. Peckham, for repairs to highways in Road Dist. No. 4, \$88.92; Joseph A. Peckham, and others, for shoveling snow in Road Dist. No. 4, \$80.38.

### QUAHOG SUPPER.

An old-fashioned quahog supper was given by the men of the Community Club of St. Mary's parish at the Holy Cross Guild House on Monday evening. About 200 people were served. The chowder was made by Mr. Louis R. Manchester, and was as good as all his chowders are. The men served the supper, and were very efficient. Those assisting were Messrs. Henry J. Chase, John L. Simmons, Milton J. Dennis, G. Alvin Simmons, Gilbert Elliott, James Anthony, Willis Chase, John Peterson, Henry I. Chase, Jr., and John L. Simmons, Jr. Four large tables were set in the hall and one in the guild room. Mr. Karl G. Anthony had charge of the last named table. The waiters were Messrs. Joseph D. Chase, Pascal M. Conley, Philip Wilbur, William Chase, Benjamin Thurston, Percy Bailey, Fred Shaw, James R. Chase, 2nd, Robert Purcell and George Dennis. The supper consisted of chowder, rolls, relishes, and pies. The surplus food was sold by Mr. Karl G. Anthony, who acted as auctioneer. Mrs. Gilbert Elliott played for general dancing. On Tuesday morning it was found that the guild house, had been broken into, but nothing was taken. The intruder entered through the cellar window, and left by the back door.

The monthly meeting of the school committee was held at the town hall on Monday evening with all members present.

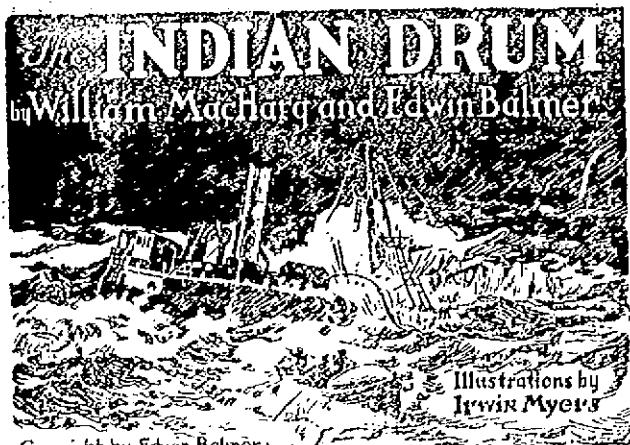
Mr. Joel Peckham, the clerk presented the following figures, which are required by the State Board of Education, once in two years: membership of pupils January 1922, boys, five years of age, 18; six years, 21; seven years, 20; eight years, 20; nine years, 7; ten years, 14; eleven years, 17; twelve years, 15; thirteen, 28; fourteen, 14; fifteen, 6; sixteen years, 1; total 180. Girls, five years, 11; six years, 20; seven years, 18; eight years, 27; nine years, 24; ten years, 24; eleven years, 2; twelve years, 6; fifteen years, 5; sixteen years, 1; total 204. Grand total of boys and girls 384.

Figures were given on hearing and eyesight tests from eleven schools, and sixty-four parents or guardians were notified of defective eyesight, and hearing.

The subject of vaccination was discussed, as several of the schools have not been visited by the physician appointed for this work. Superintendent Peckham was authorized to confer with the town board of health, and urge their immediate attention. According to the State law, no child can attend the public school without a vaccination certificate and this law will be enforced.

A communication was received from Vernon Rice, general secretary of the Rhode Island Sunday School Association, in regard to religious instructions in the school, of one hour weekly. The Association pledges support through the school committee if that body will co-operate in bringing this about.

The St. Columba's Guild met on Friday at the Berkeley parish house. The parish supper which has been postponed on account of storms, is now postponed indefinitely.



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## CHAPTER I.

## The Man Whom the Storm Haunted.

Near the northern end of Lake Michigan, where the bluff-bowed ocean-carriers and the big, low-lying, wheat-laden steel freighters from Lake Superior push out from the Straits of Mackinac and dispute the right of way, in the island-divided channel, with the white-and-gold, electric-lighted, wireless-equipped passenger steamers bound for Detroit and Buffalo, there is a cove of pine and hemlock back from the shingly beach. From this cove—dark, blue, primeval, silent at most times as when the Great Manitou ruled his inland waters—there comes at time of storm a sound like the booming of an old Indian drum. This drum beat, so the tradition says, whenever the lake took a life; and, as a sign perhaps that it is still the Manitou who rules the waters in spite of all the commerce of the cities, the drum still beats his roll for every ship lost on the lake, one beat for every life.

So—men say—they heard and counted the beatings of the drum to thirty-five upon the hour when, as afterward they learned, the great steel steamer Weneta sank with twenty-four of its crew and eleven passengers; so—men say—they heard the requiem of the five who went down with the schooner Grant; and of the seventeen lost with the Susan Hart; and so of a score of ships more. Once only, it is told, has the drum counted wrong.

At the height of the great storm of December, 1885, the drum beat the roll of a sinking ship. One, two, three—the hearers counted the drum beats, time and again, in their intermittent booming, to twenty-four. They waited, therefore, for report of a ship lost with twenty-four lives; no such news came. The new steel freighter Mivaka, on her maiden trip during the storm with twenty-five—not twenty-four—aboard never made her port; no news was ever heard from her; no wreckage ever was found. On this account, throughout the families whose fathers, brothers and sons were the officers and crew of the Mivaka, there stirred for a time a desperate belief that one of the men on the Mivaka was saved; that somewhere, somehow, he was alive and might return. The day of the destruction of the Mivaka was fixed as December 5 by the time at which she passed the government lookout at the straits; the hour was fixed as five o'clock in the morning only by the sounding of the drum.

Storm—the stinging, frozen sleet slash of the February norther whirling down the ice-jammed length of the lake—was assailing Chicago. So heavy was this frost on the pines of the Fort Dearborn club—one of the staidest of the down-town clubs for men—that the great log fires blazing on the open hearths added appreciable light as well as warmth to the rooms.

The few members present at this hour of the afternoon showed by their laze attitudes and the desultoryness of their conversation the dulling of vitality which warmth and shelter bring on a day of cold and storm. On one, however, the storm had had a contrary effect. With swift, uneven steps he paced now one room, now another; from time to time he stopped abruptly by a window, scraped from it with finger nail the frost, stared out for an instant through the little opening he had made, then resumed as abruptly his nervous pacing with a manner so uneasy and distraught that, since his arrival at the club an hour before, none even among those who knew him best had ventured to speak to him.

The man who was pacing restlessly and alone the rooms of the Fort Dearborn club on this stormy afternoon was the man who, to most people, bodied forth the life underlying all other commerce, the life of the lakes.

The lakes, which mark unmistakably those who get their living from them, had put their marks on him. Though he was slight in frame with a spare, almost ascetic leanness, he had the wiry strength and endurance of the man whose youth had been passed upon the water. He was very close to sixty now, but his thick, straight hair was still jet black except for a slash of pure white above one temple; his brows were black above his deep blue eyes. His acquaintances, in explaining him to strangers, said he had lived too much by himself of late; he and one man servant shared the great house which had been unchanged—and in which nothing appeared to have needed replacing—since his wife left him, suddenly and unaccountably, about twenty years before. People said he looked more French, referring to his father who was known to have been a fisherman north of Lake Superior in the '50s but who later married an English girl at Mackinac and settled down to become a trader in the woods of the North peninsula, where Benjamin Corvet was born.

During his boyhood men came to the peninsula to cut timber; young Corvet worked with them and began building ships. Thirty-five years ago he had been only one of the hundreds with his fortune in the fate of a single bottom; but today in Cleveland, in Du-

luth, in Chicago, more than a score of great steamers under the names of various independent companies were owned or controlled by him and his two partners, Sherrill and young Spearman.

He was a quiet, gentle-mannered man. At times, however, he suffered from fits of intense irritability, and these of late had increased in frequency and violence. It had been noticed that these outbursts occurred generally at times of storm upon the lake, but the mere threat of financial loss through the destruction of one or even more of his ships was not now enough to cause them; it was believed that they were the result of some obscure physical reaction to the storm, and that this had grown upon him as he grew older.

Today his irritability was so marked, his uneasiness so much greater than anyone had seen it before, that the attendant whom Corvet had sent, a half hour earlier, to reserve his usual table for him in the grill—"The table by the second window"—had started away without daring to ask whether the table was to be set for one or more. Corvet himself had corrected the omission: "For two," he had shot after the man.

The tables, at this hour, were all unoccupied. Corvet crossed to the one he had reserved and sat down; he turned immediately to the window at his side and scraped on it a little clear opening through which he could see the storm outside. Ten minutes later he looked up sharply but did not rise, as the man he had been awaiting—Spearman, the younger of his two partners—came in.

Spearman seated himself, his big, powerful hands clasped on the table, his gray eyes studying Corvet closely. The waiter took the order and went away. When he returned, the two men were obviously in bitter quarrel. Corvet's tone, low pitched but violent, sounded steadily in the room, though his words were inaudible. The waiter, as he set the food upon the table, felt relief that Corvet's outburst had fallen on other shoulders than his.

For nearly an hour the quarrel continued with intermittent truces of silence.



For Nearly an Hour the Quarrel Continued, With Intermittent Truces of Silence.

lence. The waiter, listening, as waiters always do, caught at these single sentences.

"You have had that idea for some time?" he heard from Corvet.

"We have had an understanding for more than a month."

"How definite?"

Spearman's answer was not audible, but it more intensely agitated Corvet; he dropped his fork and, after that, made no pretense of eating.

The waiter, following this, caught only single words. "Sherrill"—that, of course, was the other partner. "Constance"—that was Sherrill's daughter. The other names he heard were names of ships. But, as the quarrel went on, the manners of the two men changed; Spearman, who at first had been assailed by Corvet, now was assailing him. Corvet sat back in his seat, while Spearman pulled at his cigar and now and then took it from his lips and gestured with it between his fingers, as he jerked some exclamation across the table.

Corvet leaned over to the frosted window, as he had done when alone, and looked out. Spearman shot a comment which made Corvet wince and draw back from the window; then Spearman rose. Corvet looked up at him once and asked a question, to which Spearman replied with a snap of the burnt match down on the table; he turned abruptly and strode from the room. Corvet sat motionless.

The revision to self-control, sometimes even to apology, which ordinarily followed Corvet's bursts of irritation had not come to him; his agitation plainly had increased. He pushed from him his uneaten luncheon and got up slowly. He went out to the

cost room, where the attendant handed him his coat and hat.

He wheeled as he stepped out into the stinging, blinding swirl of sleet, but his shrinking was not physical; it was mental, the unconscious reaction to some thought the storm called up. The hour was barely four o'clock, but so dark was it with the storm that the shop windows were lit; motorcars, slipping and skidding up the broad boulevard, with headlights burning, kept their signals chattering constantly to warn other drivers blinded by the snow. The fleet-swept sidewalks were almost deserted; here or there, before a hotel or one of the shops, a limousine came to the curb, and the passengers dashed swiftly across the walk to shelter.

Corvet turned northward along Michigan avenue, facing into the gale. The sleet beat upon his face and lodged in the folds of his clothing without his heeding it.

He hesitated to go north. He had not seemed, in the beginning, to have made conscious choice of this direction; but now he was following it purposely. He stopped once at a shop which sold men's things to make a telephone call. He asked for Miss Sherrill when the number answered; but he did not wish to speak to her, he said; he wanted merely to be sure she would be there if he stopped in to see her in half an hour. Then—north again. He crossed the bridge. Now, fifteen minutes later, he came in sight of the lake once more.

Great houses, like Sherrill's house among them, here faced the Drive, the wide stone esplanade which edges the lake. Corvet crossed to this esplanade. He did not stop at the Sherrill house or look toward it, but went on fully a quarter of a mile beyond it; then he came back, and with an oddity strained and queer expression and attitude, he stood staring out into the lake.

Suddenly he turned. Constance Sherrill, seeing him from a window of her home, had caught a cape about her and run out to him.

"Uncle Benny!" she hailed him with the affectionate name she had used with her father's partner since she was a baby. "Uncle Benny, aren't you coming in?"

"Yes," he said vaguely. "Yes, of course." He made no more but remained staring at her. "Constance!" he exclaimed suddenly, with strange reproach to himself in his tone. "Constance! Dear little Constance!"

"Why?" she asked him. "Uncle Benny, what's the matter?"

"Has Spearman been here today?" he asked, not looking at her.

"To see father?"

"No; to see you?"

"No."

He seized her wrist. "Don't see him, when he comes!" he commanded.

"Uncle Benny!"

"Don't see him!" Corvet repeated.

"He's asked you to marry him, hasn't he?"

Constance could not refuse the answer.

"Yes."

"And you?"

"Why—why, Uncle Benny, I haven't answered him yet."

"Then don't—don't, do you understand, Constance?"

She hesitated, frightened for him.

"I'll—I'll tell you before I see him, if you want me to, Uncle Benny," she granted.

"But if you shouldn't be able to tell me then, Constance; if you shouldn't want to then?" The humility of his look perplexed her; if he had been any other man—any man except Uncle Benny—she would have thought some shameful and terrifying threat hung over him; but he broke off sharply.

"I must go home," he said uncertainly.

"I must go home; then I'll come back. Constance, you won't give him an answer till I come back, will you?"

"No." He got her promise, half frightened, half bewildered; then he turned at once and went swiftly away from her.

She ran back to the door of her father's house. From there she saw him reach the corner and turn west to go to Astor street. He was walking rapidly and did not hesitate.

How strangely he had acted! Constance's uneasiness increased when the afternoon and evening passed without his coming back to see her as he had promised, but she reflected he had not set any definite time when she was to expect him. During the night her anxiety grew still greater; and in the morning she called his house up on the telephone, but the call was unanswered. An hour later, she called again; still getting no result, she called her father at his office, and told him of her anxiety about Uncle Benny, but without repeating what Uncle Benny had said to her or the promise she had made to him. Her father made light of her fears; Uncle Benny, he reminded her, often acted queerly in bad weather. Only partly reassured, she called Uncle Benny's house several more times during the morning, but still got no reply; and after luncheon she called her father again, to tell him that she had resolved to get some one to go over to the house with her.

Her father, to her surprise, forbade this rather sharply; his voice, she realized, was agitated and excited, and she asked him the reason; but instead of answering her, he made her repeat to him her conversation of the afternoon before with Uncle Benny, and now he questioned her closely about it. But when she, in her turn, tried to question him, he merely put her off and told her not to worry.

In the late afternoon, as dusk was drawing into dark, she stood at the window, with one of those delusive hopes which come during anxiety that, because it was the time of day at which she had seen Uncle Benny walking by the lake the day before, she might see him there again, when she saw her father's motor approaching.

It was coming from the north, not from the south as it would have been if he was coming from his office or his club, and it had turned into the Drive from the west. She knew, therefore, that he was coming from Uncle Benny's house, and, as the car swerved and wheeled in, she ran out into the hall to meet him.

He came in without taking off hat or coat; she could see that he was perturbed, greatly agitated.

"What is it, father?" she demanded.

"What has happened?"

"I do not know, my dear."

"It is something—something that has happened to Uncle Benny?"

"I am afraid so, dear—yes. But I do not know what it is that has happened, or I would tell you."

He put his arm about her and drew her into a room opening off the hall—his study. He made her repeat again to him the conversation she had had with Uncle Benny and tell him how he had acted; but she saw that what she told him did not help him.

Then he drew her toward him.

"Tell me, little daughter. You have been a great deal with Uncle Benny and have talked with him; I



She Thought, "No, Father."

want you to think carefully. Did you ever hear him speak of any one called Alan Conrad?"

She thought, "No, father."

"No reference either to any one living in Kansas, or a town there called Blue Rapids?"

"No, father. Who is Alan Conrad?"

"I do not know, dear. I never heard the name until today, and Harry Spearman had never heard it. But it appears to be intimately connected in some way with what was troubling Uncle Benny yesterday. He wrote a letter yesterday to Alan Conrad in Blue Rapids and mailed it himself; and afterward he tried to get it back, but it already had been taken up and was on its way. I have not been able to learn anything more about the letter than that. To-day that name, Alan Conrad, came to me in quite another way, in a way which makes it certain that it is closely connected with whatever has happened to Uncle Benny. You are quite sure you never heard him mention it, dear?"

"Quite sure, father."

He released her and, still in his hat and coat, went swiftly up the stairs.

She ran after him and found him standing before a highboy in his dressing room. He unlocked a drawer in the highboy, and from within the drawer he took a key. Then, still disremembering her, he hurried back downstairs.

As she followed him, she caught up a scrap and pulled it around her. He had told the chauffeur, she realized now, to wait; but as he reached the door, he turned and stopped her.

"I would rather you did not come with me, little daughter. I do not know at all what it is that has happened—I will tell you know as soon as I find out."

The faculty in his tone stopped her from argument. As the house door and then the door of the limousine closed after him, she went back toward the window, slowly taking off the wrap. For the moment she found it difficult to think. Something had happened to Uncle Benny, something terrible, dreadful for those who loved him; that was plain, though only the fact and not its nature was known to her or to her father; and that something was connected—intimately connected, her father had said—with a name which no one who knew Uncle Benny ever heard before, with the name of Alan Conrad of Blue Rapids, Kansas. Who was this Alan Conrad, and what could his connection be with Uncle Benny so to precipitate disaster upon him?

## CHAPTER II

## Who Is Alan Conrad?

The recipient of the letter which Benjamin Corvet had written and later so excitedly attempted to recover, was asking himself a question which was almost the same as the question which Constance Sherrill had asked. He was, the second morning later, waiting for the first of the two daily eastbound trains which stopped at the little Kansas town of Blue Rapids which he called home. As long as he could look back into his life, the question, who is this person they call Alan Conrad, and what am I to the man who writes from Chicago, had been the paramount enigma of existence for him. Since he was twenty-three, as nearly as he had been able to approximate it, and as distinct recollection of isolated, extraordinary events went back to the time when he was five, it was quite eighteen years since he had first noticed the question put to the people who had him in charge: "So this is little Alan Conrad. Who is he?"

Following the arrival of certain letters, which were distinguished from most others arriving at the house by

having no ink writing on the envelope but just a sort of purple or black printing like newspapers, Alan invariably received a dollar to spend just as he liked. To be sure, unless "papa" took him to town, there was nothing for him to spend it upon; so, likely enough, it went into the square iron bank, of which the key was lost; but quite often he did spend it according to plans agreed upon among all his friends and, in memory of these occasions and in anticipation of the next, "Alan's dollar" became a community institution among the children.

"Who gives it to you, Alan?" was a question more often asked, as time went on. The only answer Alan could give was, "It comes from Chicago." The post-mark on the envelope, Alan noticed, was always Chicago; that was all he ever could find out about his dollar. He was about ten years old when, for a reason as inexplicable as the dollar's coming, the letters with the typewritten addresses and the enclosed money ceased.

Except for the loss of the dollar at the end of every second month—a loss much discussed by all the children and not accepted as permanent till more than two years had passed—Alan felt no immediate results from the cessation of the letters from Chicago. Papa and mama felt them when the farm had to be given up, and the family moved to the town, and papa went to work in the wooden mill beside the river.

Papa and mama, at first surprised and dismayed by the stopping of the letters, still clung to the hope of the familiar, typewriter-addressed envelope appearing again; but when, after two years, no more money came, resentment which had been stealthily growing against the person who had sent the money began to turn against Alan; and his "parents" told him all they knew about him.

In 1896 they had noticed an advertisement for persons to care for a child; they had answered it to the office of the newspaper which printed it. In response to the letter a man called upon them and, after seeing them and going around to see their friends, had made arrangements with them to take a boy of three, who was in good health and came of good people. He paid in advance board for a year and agreed to send a certain amount every two months after that time. The man brought the boy; when he called Alan Conrad, and left him. For seven years, the money agreed upon came; now it had ceased, and papa had no way of finding the man—the name given by him appeared to be fictitious, and he had left no address except "general delivery, Chicago." Papa knew nothing more than that. He had advertised in the Chicago papers after the money stopped coming, and he had communicated with every one named Conrad in or near Chicago, but he had learned nothing.

Thus, at the age of thirteen, Alan definitely knew that what he already had guessed—the fact that he belonged somewhere else than in the little brown house—was all that any one there could tell him; and the knowledge gave persistence to many internal questionings. Where did he belong? Who was he? Who was the man who had brought him there? Had the money ceased coming because the person who sent it was dead? In that case, connection of Alan with the place where he belonged was permanently broken. Or would some other communication from that source reach him some time—if not money, then something else? Would he be sent for some day?

Externally, Alan's learning the little that was known about himself made no change in his way of living; he went to the town school, which combined grammar and high schools under one roof; and, as he grew older, he clerked in one of the town stores during vacations and in the evenings. Alan always carried his money home as part payment of those arrears which had mounted up against him since the letters ceased coming. At seventeen, having finished high school, he was clerking officially in Merrill's general store, when the next letter came.

It was addressed this time not to papa, but to Alan Conrad. He seized it, tore it open, and a bank draft for fifteen hundred dollars fell out. There was no letter with the enclosure, no word of communication; just the draft to the order of Alan Conrad. Alan wrote the Chicago bank by which the draft had been issued; their reply showed that the draft had been purchased with currency, so there was no record of the identity of the person who had sent it. More than that amount was due for arrears for the seven years during which no money was sent, even when the total which Alan had earned was deducted. So Alan merely endorsed the draft over to "father"; and that fall Jim, Alan's foster brother, went to college. But, when Jim discovered that it not only was possible but planned at the university for a boy to work his way through, Alan went also.

Four wonderful years followed. In companionship with educated people; ideas and manners came to him which he could not have acquired at home; athletics straightened and added bearing to his muscular, well-formed body; his pleasant, strong young face acquired self-reliance and self-control. Life became filled with possibilities himself which it had never held before.

But on his day of graduation he had put away the enterprises he had planned and the dreams he dreamed and, conscious that his debt to father and mother still remained unpaid, he had returned to care for them; for father's health had failed and Jim, who had opened a law office in Kansas City, could do nothing to help.

No more money had followed the draft from Chicago and there had been no communication of any kind; but the receipt of so considerable a sum had revived and intensified all Alan's speculations about himself. The vague expectation of his childhood that sometime, in some way, he would be "sent for"; had grown during the last six years to a definite belief. And now—on the afternoon before—the summons had come.

This time, as he tore open the envelope, he saw that beside a check, there was writing within—an uneven and nervous-looking but plainly legible communication in longhand. The letter made no explanation. It told him, rather than asked him, to come to Chicago, gave minute instructions for the journey, and advised him to telegraph when he started. The check was for a hundred dollars to pay his expenses. Check and letter were signed by a name completely strange to him.

It was a distinctly attractive looking lad, as he stood now on the station platform of the little town, while the eastbound train rumbled in, and he fingered in his pocket the letter from Chicago.

On the train he took the letter from his pocket and for the dozenth time reread it. Was Corvet a relative? Was he the man who had sent the remittances when Alan was a little boy, and the one who later had sent the



On the Train He Took the Letter From His Pocket and for the Dozenth Time Reread It.

fifteen hundred dollars? Or was he merely a go-between, perhaps a lawyer? There was no letterhead to give aid in these speculations. The address to which Alan was to come was in Astor street. He had never heard the name of the street before. Was it a business street, Corvet's address in some great office building, perhaps?

At Chicago Alan, following the porter with his suitcase from the car, stepped down among the crowds hurrying to and from the trains. He was not confused, he was only intensely excited. Acting in implicit accord with the instructions of the letter, which he knew by heart, he went to the uniformed attendant and engaged a taxicab—his own small experience; there would be no one at the station to meet him, the letter had said. He gave the Astor street address and got into the cab.

It had begun to snow heavily. For a few blocks, the taxicab drove north past more or less ordinary buildings, then turned east on a broad boulevard where tall tile and brick and stone structures towered till their roofs were hidden in the snowfall. A strange stir and tingle, quite distinct from the excitement of the arrival at the station, prickled in Alan's veins, and hastily he dropped the window to his right and gazed out. The lake, as he had known since his geography days, lay to the east of Chicago; therefore that void out there beyond the park was the lake or, at least, the harbor. A different air seemed to come from it; sounds. . . . Suddenly, it all was shut off; the taxicab, swerving a little, was dealing between business blocks; a row of buildings had risen again upon the right; they broke abruptly to show him a wooden-walled chasm in which flowed the river full of ice with a tug dropping its smokestack as it cut below the bridge which the cab crossed; buildings on both sides again; then, to the right, a roaring, heaving crashing expanse.

The sound, Alan knew, had been coming to him as an undertone for many minutes; now it overwhelmed, swallowed all other sound. It was great, not loud; still sound which Alan had heard before, except the sighing of the wind over his prairies, came from one point; even the monstrous city murmur was centered in comparison with this. Over the lake, as over the land, the soft snowflakes lazily floated down, scarcely stirred by the slightest breeze; that roar was the voice of the water, that awful power its own.

Alan choked and gasped for breath, his pulses pounding in his throat; he had snatched off his hat and, leaning out of the window sucked the lake air in his lungs. There had been nothing to make him expect this overwhelming crush of feeling. The lake—he had thought of it, of course, as a great body of water, an interesting sight for a prairie boy to see; that was all. No physical experience in all his memory had affected him like this; and it was without warning; the strange thing that had stirred within him as the car brought him to the Drive down-town was strengthened now a thousand-fold; it amazed, half-frightened, half-dizzied him. Now, as the motor suddenly swung around a corner and shut the sight of the lake from him, Alan sat back breathless.

The car swerved to the east curb about the middle of the block and came to a stop. The house before which it had halted was a large stone house of quiet, good design; it was some generation older, apparently, than the houses on each side of it, which were brick and terra cotta of recent fashionable architecture; Alan only glanced at them long enough to get that impression before he opened the cab door and got out; but as the cab drove away, he stood beside his suitcase looking up at the old house

Continued on Page 3



## Newport & Providence Street Ry Co

### Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence

WEEK DAYS—6.50, 7.40, 8.50 A. M., then each hour to 9.50 P. M.  
SUNDAYS—7.50 A. M., then each hour to 9.50 P. M.

## BEATING OLD AGE

### Cash Miller Has a Scheme That Really Appeals.

Pass an Amendment Prohibiting Birthdays, He Says, and the Rest is a Simple Matter.

"I see a lot of dope in the papers lately about people living to a ripe old age," observed Cash Miller of the chain cigar store as he submitted a handful of tempting Havanas for the approval of the Old Customer, says Thrift.

"Yes, I believe the tendency of the times is toward a longer span of human life," replied the Old Customer gravely.

"Seems surprisin'," continued Cash, "how many people there are in this country today that knowed Washington. I was readin' 'bout one gay young blade out in Kentucky who says he's forgot whether he's 120 on the 40th or 130 on the 20th, but anyhow, he says, I feel just as young as I ever did, if not more so, and my only physical defect, he says, is dandruff."

"An' there's another one in Missouri that started his present remarkable output of whiskers when the kerosene lamp was considered more or less of a beautiful experiment, an' he says he ain't lost a night's sleep since the election of Andy Jackson, exceptin' when he was teethtin' for the third time. An' up in New England there's another one of these here boy wonders just roundin' into the full glory of his 124th year. Expects to begin shavin' an' git into long pants before long now. Says he's smoked all his life an' saved the coupons, and from the way he's feelin' now he's plannin' to turn 'em in for a velocipede. An' there's a lady down South some'ers that I see claims her favorite outdoor sport is raisin' century plants an' the first hundred years she says is the hardest, an' she ain't seen a sick day since she was in her first teens."

"They're a lot more I see referred to in surprised accents by the papers, with pictures and a complete confession of how they done it. But the big hero of 'em all, the guy that makes the oldest inhabitant today look like a babe in arms cryin' for papa's mus-lache, was the late Mr. Methuselah, author of darlin' I am growin' old."

"Accordin' to my line of dope the main thing most of the people in the world is tryin' to do today is beat the record, hung up by him."

"Well, I think there's an element of truth in what you say," admitted the Old Customer.

"Listen. We're all tryin' to beat the old-age game. Why are so many women havin' their hair amputated at the second joint, and show-casin' themselves in dresses that's goin' to make the next generation resort to the use of stilts for to hold onto mam-ma's skirts? An' why do we see so many members of the sterner sex sud-denly break out in high-school scenery an' almost natural hair dye? Yes, everybody wants to be Methuselah the Second, an' they's only one way to do it."

"How's that?"

"Have them birds in congress pass a amendment prohibitin' all birth-days after the first. Now, if I ain't got no way of knowin' how old I am, I'm jest as young as I kid myself an' the world into believe I am. An' I'm tellin' you, Percival, that I'm goin' to keep right on bein' as much like a whoopin' infant as I kin git away with till at last my turn comes to git flattened out by a motor truck. Cut out birthdays an' every man's as young as every other man, an' every woman's younger than every other woman. It's the system all humanity's bein' cryin' for like a thief in the night."

"Ancient Shark."

"Off the coast of Norway not long ago was captured a specimen of the shark tribe, which, in the form of its teeth and in other characteristic features, closely resembles a species of shark that inhabited the ocean in that immeasurably remote period called in geology the Devonian age. A stullish shark was captured by the prince of Monaco's yacht off the Madeira islands, in 1889. These two specimens, with a few others found in the Japanese seas, which are remarkable for the number of survivals of ancient forms of life that they contain, constitute the only known representatives now on the earth of the Devonian sharks."

"Vacuum-Made Films."

At a meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris Professor Houllé-vigne described a method of producing thin metallic films by volatilization in a vacuum. The metal to be deposited is first disposed in a layer on a platinum wire, which is then heated in a high vacuum. The film forms on a plate of glass, which is kept in rotation near the heated wire. In this manner, it is said, thin films have been produced of gold, silver, platinum, iron, copper, zinc, tin and cadmium.

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

## THE INDIAN DRUM

which bore the number given in Benjamin Corvet's letter, then around at the other houses and back to that again.

The neighborhood obviously pre-cluded the probability of Corvet's being merely a lawyer—a go-between. He must be some relative; the question ever present in Alan's thought since the receipt of the letter, but held in abeyance, as to the possibility and nearness of Corvet's relation to him, took sharper and more exact form now than he had dared to let it take before. Was his relationship to Corvet, perhaps, the closest of all relationships? Was Corvet his father? He checked the question within himself, for the time had passed for mere speculation upon it now. Alan was trembling excitedly; for whoever Corvet might be—the enigma of Alan's existence was going to be answered when he had entered that house. He was going to know who he was. All the possibilities, the responsibilities, the attachments, the opportunities, perhaps, of that person whom he was—but whom, as yet, he did not know—were before him. He went up the steps and, with fingers excitedly unsteady, he pushed the bell beside the door.

The door opened almost instantly—so quickly after the ring, indeed, that Alan, with leaping throbs of his heart, knew that some one must have been awaiting him. But the door opened only half way, and the man who stood within, gazing out at Alan questioningly, was obviously a servant.

"What is it?" he asked, as Alan stood looking at him and past him to the narrow section of darkened hall which was in sight.

Alan put his hand over the letter in his pocket. "I've come to see Mr. Corvet," he said—"Mr. Benjamin Corvet."

"What is your name?"

Alan gave his name; the man repeated it after him, in the manner of a trained servant, quite without inflection. Alan, not familiar with such tones, waited uncertainly. So far as he could tell, the name was entirely strange to the servant, awakening neither welcome nor opposition, but indifference. The man stepped back, but not in such a manner as to invite Alan in; on the contrary, he half closed the door as he stepped back, leaving it open only an inch or two; but it was enough so that Alan heard him say to some one within:

"He says he's him."

"Ask him in; I will speak to him."

It was a girl's voice—this second one, a voice such as Alan never had heard before. It was low and soft but quite clear and distinct, with youthful, impulsive modulations and the manner of accent which Alan knew must go with the sort of people who lived in houses like those on this street.

The servant, obeying the voice, returned and opened wide the door.

"Will you come in, sir?"

Alan put down his suitcase on the stone porch; the man made no move to pick it up and bring it in. Then Alan stepped into the hall face to face with the girl who had come from the big room on the right.

She was quite a young girl—not over twenty-one or twenty-two. Alan judged; like girls brought up in wealthy families, she seemed to Alan to have attained young womanhood in far greater degree in some respects than the girls he knew, while, at the same time, in other ways, she retained more than they some characteristics of a child. Her slender figure had a woman's assurance and grace; her soft brown hair was dressed like a woman's; her gray eyes had the open directness of the girl. Her face—smoothly oval, with straight brows and a skin so delicate that at the temples the veins showed dimly blue—was at once womanly and youthful; and there was something altogether likable and simple about her, as she studied Alan now. She was slightly pale, he noticed, and there were lines of strain and trouble about her eyes.

"I am Coisance Sherrill," she announced. Her tone implied quite evidently that she expected him to have some knowledge of her, and she seemed surprised to see that her name did not mean more to him.

"Mr. Corvet is not here this morning," she said.

He hesitated but persisted: "I want to see him here today, Miss Sherrill. He wrote me, and I telegraphed him I would be here to-day."

"I know," she answered. "We had four telegrams. Mr. Corvet was not here when it came, so my father opened it." Her voice broke oddly, and he studied her in indecision, wondering who that father might be that opened Mr. Corvet's telegrams.

"Mr. Corvet went away very suddenly," she explained. She seemed, he thought, to be trying to make something plain to him which might be a shock to him; yet herself to be uncertain what the nature of that shock might be. Her look was scrutinizing, questioning, anxious, but not unfriendly. "After he had written you and something else had happened—I think—to alarm my father about him, father came here to his house to look after him. He thought something might have happened to Mr. Corvet here in his house. But Mr. Corvet was not here."

"You mean he has—disappeared?"

"Yes; he has disappeared." Benjamin Corvet—wherever he might be—had disappeared; he had gone. Did any one else, then, know about Alan Corvet?

"No one has seen Mr. Corvet," she said, "since the day he wrote to you. We knew that—that he became so disturbed after doing that—writing to you—that we thought you must bring us your information of him."

"Information?"

"So we have been waiting for you to come here and tell us what you know about him—or your connection with him."

(To be continued)

## SCORE ONE MORE FOR NAVY

Damaged Replica of Old Vessel, It Is Believed, Can Be Repaired by Sailors.

Percy C. Madella, Philadelphia coal magnate, has joined the ranks of those who have taken up the fad of collecting ship models. Madella's experience with the first model he bought, a replica of the American clipper ship Southern Cross, was an interesting one, according to the New York Sun. This miniature ship, 30 inches long, the coal operator obtained recently through an agent at Nantucket, who considered the purchaser lucky in getting a genuine model at a reasonable figure.

The model, with all masts and other spars in place and with rigging, blocks, boats, etc., as they should be, was a handsome picture when it was packed for shipment at Nantucket.

But when the fragile model reached Madella's home it came out of the packing case nearly wrecked. It had been poorly packed and roughly handled on the trip. Madella looked at the mass of broken spars and wreckage and said, things about the packer and also the agent at Nantucket. He figured the model little better than matchwood and that it never could be repaired.

He reckoned, however, without the United States navy. He happened to tell his troubles to a naval officer stationed at League Island and soon afterward the officer rang the coal magnate up and said he thought he had a man who could repair the wreck.

GET LINE ON HIS CHARACTER

New Fad Among the Girls Is to Have Man Friend's Handwriting Read by Graphologist.

The latest fad of the girls is to have the handwriting of their favorite men friend read by a graphologist. Next little packets of masculine notes, curiously enough readdressed in a female hand, have been received by handwriting experts, who will tell your character from a few characteristic lines. The inmost secrets of the character tendencies of the unsuspecting man upon whom you are wondering whether to center your affections or not are disclosed to you through this novel means.

"It's so exciting that I simply can't wait till I get a note from every man I meet," confessed one debutante. "One letter will do in a pinch, but most handwriting fortune tellers prefer to have several, written at long intervals apart, submitted as samples. But, goodness me! nowadays friendships don't always last that long. There are only two things dangerous to the game—one is that the man may get suspicious and stop writing, or, worst of all, he may get his own letters back from the graphologist by mistake. For this reason always be sure to remove all traces of name and address from your original letter."—Chicago Journal.

Oh, So That's It!

We are shortly promised stockings that will button up, and this recalls the old query: "Why is it that a woman always buttons her clothes up in the reverse fashion from a man?" If it were a fact that all women were left handed, and consequently found it easier to do things in this way, it would be understandable. But they are not.

A Mere Male thing offers me this explanation: "Probably, it is because all women are imitative. They intend to future to out men from the earth entirely. Wherefore they stand in front of the glass, and endeavor to create in it a reflection as much like a man as possible. But looking glasses always show things reversed, and woman, not being able to realize this, always does things backward." So that's that!—London Opinion.

Meat Flour.

The qualities of meat flour, a new food that is being made in New Zealand, were described to a meeting of farmers and others held in a New Zealand town. The speaker said that recently at a dinner 18 persons sat down to a meal composed entirely of meat flour dishes, and only a little over half a pound of meat flour was used in its preparation. It was excellent for invalids and bore a high food value. It could be exported easily and compactly, and would keep, so far as present tests went, for two years without the slightest sign of deterioration. It took three pounds of meat to produce one pound of the flour, which was at present being readily sold at five shillings (\$1.25) a pound and was found exceedingly economical in the household at this price.

Negroes Move to the Cities.

The negro urban population of the United States is now, in round numbers, about 3,500,000, and even more when towns and villages of less than 2,500 inhabitants are included; that is, one-third of the negroes of the United States are now living in villages, towns and cities. The larger part of the increase in negro urban population has been due to migration in the last five years some 700,000 negroes have moved from rural districts into the towns and cities. A large proportion, therefore, of the negro population is now in city conditions. —Southern Workman.

When I was sixteen I met a handsome youth two years my senior. I cared for him and, apparently, he cared for me. At this age I was very sensitive and shed tears over every little thing; and once in a while over things he said. For my birthday I received a package which I knew was from him because of his handwriting. I ran to my room to open it, and when I did, what did I behold but an onion placed in the middle of a square box with a card saying "Now cry." I did, but not from the effects of the poison, but of a broken heart. That was enough.—Exchange.

## Children Cry for Fletcher's

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.

The Children's Comfort.—The Mother's Friend.

## GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

## In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

SCIENTISTS WILL STUDY RAT

Good Results Expected to Follow Observations to Be Carried Out at Philadelphia.

The suppers, unlike the superman of Nietzsche, is not of the warrior's type, but is a gentleman, an aristocrat at heart, although democratic in his ways.

He is gentle and sociable, a good fellow, healthy and active, and has an esthetic side, being fond of good music.

These are some of the conclusions drawn from years of experiments with the rodent by Dr. Milton H. Greenman, director of the Victor Institute, at Philadelphia.

To make observations on a more extensive scale and under more favorable conditions than heretofore, particularly in food research, the institute is building a \$30,000 home for rats. The building will be a one-story wing to the present structure, and will be provided with every kind of convenience conducive to rat comfort and well being. The results, it is believed, will be of far-reaching benefit to mankind.

Outside of an office and laboratory there will be a well-equipped gymnasium for the rats. Ladders for climbing, modified trapezes, running space, treadmill cages, and knowing apparatus will be provided to give the eugenically raised rat the proper exercise.

SILVER PRODUCTION FELL OFF

Year 1921 Saw Less of It Mined and Consumed Than in the Preceding Twelve Months.

An estimate of the world's production and consumption of silver in 1921 gives the world's total product last year as 181,000,000 ounces, against 174,000,000 in 1920. Of this total the United States is estimated to have produced 60,000,000 ounces in 1921, against 55,400,000 in 1920; Mexico, 52,000,000, against 63,700,000; Canada, 10,000,000, against 12,800,000, and other countries 30,000,000, against 39,300,000.

It is estimated that consumption for governmental purchases and exports to the East absorbed 38,500,000 ounces more of silver than the year's production. The total distribution on these accounts is estimated at 107,500,000 ounces, of which 18,000,000 ounces were assigned to this country's consumption in the arts, 2,500,000 to similar English consumption, 50,000,000 to purchases under the Pittman act by the United States mint, 5,000,000 to Mexican government purchases, 36,000,000 to shipments from England to India, 5,500,000 to shipments from the United States to China and the Far East and 22,200,000 to purchases in the United States for subsidiary coinage and other purposes.

Defends Puritan Architecture.

Wallace Nuttings' book on "Furniture of the Pilgrim Century" is an argument to disprove the fallacy that the Puritans were insensible to beauty and art.

Of the rugged substantial relics of their building, Mr. Nutting says: "There is solidity in them, durability, freedom from caprice, and an expression of that sober rationality everywhere characteristic of the Puritan genius."

"For adaptation to climate, wise use of accessible materials, inner convenience obtained at low cost and freedom from discordant lines, Puritan domestic architecture deserves high praise."

This is no less true of their furniture accessories. It is wrong to assume that their austerity and simplicity were forced upon them by mere hardship. Rather were they the outward expression of an inner nobility and spiritual exaltation.

Seed.

California is producing 8,000,000 boxes of navel oranges a year. Yet this whole orange industry is said to have sprung from one little slip budded to a navel orange, that came from Brazil fifty-one years ago.

That original orange tree still stands in the greenhouse of the department of agriculture. See it, some time when you are in Washington. It is more interesting than congress—and more important. It is a sermon on growth and possibilities.

The Endless Argument.

"What's the argument?"

"Just a couple of guys trying to settle the question whether Florida is a better place to spend the winter than California."

Care of Your Table.

The finish of a dining table may be marred if water drops on it from a plant used as a center decoration. This is avoided by placing a piece of oil cloth corresponding in size to the centerpiece beneath the dolly.

Fortunate.

"The thief took my watch, my purse, my pocketbook—in short, everything."

"But I thought you carried a loaded revolver?"

"I do—but he didn't find that."—Copenhagen Kiøds Hans.

Why Are We White?

The reason why Caucasians are white is very simple as explained by one of the gravest German savants. Originally all men were black, because they lived on roots and fruits. When they got dispersed more widely, altered conditions very soon modified the color of their skins.

In this way the negroes in America turned into red Indians, because they used bloody meat, which supplied them with a superabundance of hemoglobin, the coloring matter of the blood.

The Chinese, the Japanese and the Mongolians are yellow because their ancestors made a misuse of milk, which contains chlor, whose dissolving force is well known.

Now, why are we white? asks Le Petit Journal of Paris. Solely because we eat too much salt, which, as a dissolvent even surpasses chlor, that turns Asiatics yellow. The day we shall cease to salt our food we shall become black again and have flat noses.

Sunlight is nature's most potent curative and every inducement to keep the people of Massachusetts in the open air should be welcomed, according to Dr. William R. P. Emerson, a nutrition expert, who appeared before the legislative committee on legal affairs in opposition to repeal of the daylight savings law. Nothing which medical science has discovered, he said, can compare with sunlight and pure air in treatment of a disease such as tuberculosis, or in curing skin diseases or healing wounds.

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Established 1793  
**The Mercury.**

NEWPORT, R. I.  
PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 131  
Home Telephone 191

**Saturday, February 25, 1922**

The total number of Free and Accepted Masons throughout the United States is said to be 2,401,294, according to the latest available figures. The Odd Fellows throughout the world number 2,670,965, including the Rebekahs.

The bituminous coal miners before the war were receiving \$1.30 a day, now they are getting \$6 and \$7.50 a day. Still they are not happy, and propose to strike for more. They will hardly have the sympathy of the public in such action.

One hundred years ago it cost a man, then reputed rich, the enormous sum of \$500 a year to support a large family. To-day that sum would hardly buy boots and shoes to say nothing about food and clothing and a few hundred other items of expense.

The days have now lengthened one hour and fifty six minutes. The sun rises at 6.28 and sets at 5.30. If any further information is desired consult the Mercury Almanac. All the tables there are computed on Eastern Standard time for this latitude and longitude, including the tide-tables.

William Jennings Bryan is now a resident of Florida and the ancient politicians of that state are very much agitated over the fact that William Jennings is in training for the next U. S. Senatorship. The gentleman has not yet announced his candidacy for the office but it is expected to come soon.

The supreme court of Massachusetts has found Dist. Atty. Pelletier guilty of blackmail, extortion, and conspiracy, and ordered him removed from office. There are a large number of prominent lawyers in the Bay State concerned with him in these fraudulent notions, and they are all to be disbanded from practice before the courts in that state.

The War Department announces that military training camps will be on a larger scale this summer than ever. Eighteen camps have been designated, extending from Vermont to California, but Newport is not among the number. Nearly every Southern state has one of the camps. It looks as though the South was well to be cared for notwithstanding the change of administration.

The state of New York is quite liberal with its officials. It appropriates over a million dollars for traveling expenses alone to say nothing of salaries. The Governor gets \$5,000 for traveling and all the other officials in proportion, and the number is legion. The Republican and Democratic majority and minority leaders of the senate get \$3,000 each for traveling and the same persons in the house get \$2,500 each. It pays to be a leader in the New York assembly.

The General Assembly has now finished eight weeks of its January session and very little business of importance has yet been transacted. It seems the height of absurdity for the members from Newport County and other towns at a distance from Providence to spend from four to six hours a day to attend a session lasting from five to fifteen minutes. It was altogether different in the days of old. The entire winter session then rarely lasted beyond eight weeks, and frequently it closed in less time.

One of the most outrageous demands ever yet made by any labor union is that of the United Mine Workers in the bituminous coal fields of Pennsylvania. Their demand is for five days work a week and six hours a day, the present wage scale to be continued, over-time work at time and a half rate, with double time for Sundays and holidays. If this demand is not granted then a strike is to be ordered forthwith. The same trouble is expected in the anthracite fields. The result will be that the consumer will have to pay the bill in another increase in the cost of coal which is now so high as to be almost beyond the reach of the ordinary man.

The big strike in the Pawtuxet and Blackstone valleys is still on. There has been much rioting among the strikers in both places. Gov. San Souci was compelled to call out the state militia to maintain order in both valleys. Rioting occurred at the mills of the Jenks Spinning Company in Pawtucket on Monday and during the disturbance one man was killed and several injured. Much property was destroyed. The State troops now have control of the situation. A board of arbitration to try and adjust the trouble has been appointed by the state, but thus far both sides refuse to arbitrate. The trouble commenced when the manufacturers announced a reduction of wages twenty per cent and the restoration of fifty four hours a week working time.

**NEWPORT AND NORFOLK.**

From the Providence Journal. It is a convincing case that the Newport Chamber of Commerce presents in favor of the retention of the Newport naval training station as the principal base on the Atlantic coast for the development of men for the navy. The superiority of the plant in our neighbor city to the one at Norfolk cannot be seriously disputed. And in other respects set forth by the chamber there is not the slightest doubt that Newport is preferable to its southern rival.

If the Navy Department is in earnest about saving money it cannot logically go behind the argument that the cost of training a recruit at Newport is \$42.14, whereas at Norfolk it amounts to \$55.24 a man. In training twenty-five hundred recruits, the number that Newport can accommodate in permanent buildings, this difference would represent a saving of \$32,750, which is certainly no sum to sneer at in these days of needed economy.

Furthermore, the equipment at Newport was built to last. It is now in excellent repair and, according to authentic information, there is not a building on Coasters' Harbor Island that will have to be replaced for many years to come. In contrast, the barracks at Norfolk were constructed to meet an emergency. They are not substantial; they are, indeed, not as well put together as they might have been under peace conditions. It is said that they are not good for more than five years of service. Why, then, should structures of brick, concrete and steel be scrapped while wooden ones are retained? If this is the Navy Department's idea of economy, General Dawes should be called in without delay to reverse it.

As for conditions of health and climate, Newport and Norfolk are not to be mentioned in the same breath. Newport's health record for many years has been higher than that of any other training station in the United States, and, perhaps, in the world. Norfolk's is one of the lowest. The equable climate of Newport, the fine living conditions on Coasters' Harbor Island and the freedom of the city itself from plague spots peculiar to seaport towns conduce to healthy development and play their part in sending men out from the station vigorous and fit to take up the tasks assigned to them. The statement of Captain Dismukes, until a short time ago commandant of the Newport center, that "Newport is cleaner than any seaport I ever knew anything about" is testimony that no unbiased official or committee would disregard.

The Newport station is synonymous with real economy. It saves money as neither Norfolk nor any other base does. It conserves and builds up the health of the recruits who train there. It produces men as well as sailors. It is, moreover, in the heart of the area that for years has supplied the best and the largest amount of raw material to the Navy. The proposal to close it in favor of Norfolk is folly.

**GENERAL ASSEMBLY.**

One of the most important acts to come before the General Assembly this year was disposed of on Thursday, when the Senate, by a substantial majority, killed the Sherman bill to prevent the use of daylight time in the State. It was known that the bill would have little chance of passing the House even though it might pass the Senate, but the fact that the Senate killed it was still more encouraging to the advocates of daylight saving. In spite of the strong personal following of Senator Sherman and his skill at parliamentary practice the fact that he was on the wrong side of a question on which much public sentiment has been aroused made it impossible for him to secure a majority for his bill. It is probable that the daylight saving plan will be allowed to continue without serious opposition for some time, although the representatives of the farming communities may make sporadic efforts to kill it.

The other business of the Legislature has not been of an exciting nature. Some bills of minor importance have been reported out from committees and some new bills have been introduced. The members have this week received their pay for one-half the session.

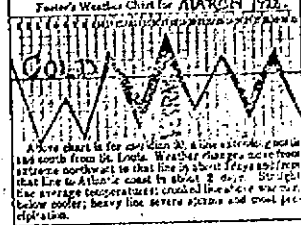
Captain Elijah G. Davis, well known to thousands of patrons of the Fall River line, died on Tuesday at his home in South Swansea in the 90th year of his age. The Captain had a long and successful career as commander of various crafts navigating Narragansett Bay and adjacent waters. At the age of 16 he was captain of a sloop and during the Civil War he commanded a schooner employed by the Government to carry supplies to the army. He was once captured by the enemy but released on giving heavy bail. From 1876 to his retirement in 1900 he commanded one of the steamers of the Fall River line. During this long service he had commanded every steamer owned by the company. He was a remarkably skillful navigator and very popular with the traveling public. His skill and daring gave him the title of "Danger" Davis.

Ex-Gov. Beekman addressed the Rhode Island Press Club at its annual dinner in Providence on Washington's Birthday. He praised the Veterans' Bureau very highly, and declared that \$510,000,000 will be expended this year in caring for disabled veterans.

The city of Boston was 100 years old on Thursday. The denizens of that burgh propose a big celebration on Patriots day, which is a holiday peculiar to Massachusetts, and comes on April 19, the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington.

Six of the great peace time dirigibles built by Count Zeppelin, the German aviator, were wrecked in accidents.

The Germans lost 66 of the 83 dirigibles sent out during the war, 84 of them being accounted for by the allies and the remaining 32 wrecked.



**WEATHER BULLETIN.**

Washington, D. C., Feb. 25, 1922.

The week centering on Feb. 23 will average about normal temperatures on meridian 90 from Gulf of Mexico to the far north. The high temperature of that disturbance will be in northwestern Canada about Feb. 23, on and all along meridian 90 Feb. 23, and in eastern sections March 2. A cold wave will be in northwestern Canada near March 4, on meridian 90 March 6, eastern sections March 8.

March temperatures will average near the average of the past four months or somewhat colder. Two principal storms will stir up the atmosphere severely and that is the only cause of the month averaging colder than the past six cropweather months. The storms upset the atmosphere and bring the cold, pure, upper ozone down to the surface. These storms will get in their work during the weeks centering on March 16 and 27. Both of them will be near the March equinox when the Sun will be over the Earth's equator. That event surely adds something to the severity of the storms; but not as much as many have supposed. The effects of the equinoxes do not occur at the equinoxes, but at the dates of the severe storms that result from other causes and occur near the equinoxes.

The storms of the week centering on March 16 will be exceedingly severe and will begin to affect the weather near March 9. Better prepare for rough weather and carefully study the weather chart, so as to understand when the storms are expected to reach your vicinity. The other storm, centering on March 27, will be very close to the total eclipse of the Sun, which will be on March 28, but these eclipses neither cause or control the storms. This eclipse will be visible only in the far south.

Between the middle of April and May 1, cropweather conditions will change from the average of the past five months to an entirely different make-up.

The cool wave of March 4 will be a severe cold wave on northern parts of meridian 90 and will work southward and eastward slowly across the continent. Bad storms will come onto the continent from the northwest Feb. 27 or 28. Don't neglect preparation for these storms.

Burglary will hereafter have to be classed among the learned professions, and a diploma required to make a successful operator in that line. A burglar was caught in a church in Providence Monday, with a diploma from the Wayne Strong School of Safe Work. Notwithstanding his education in the line of "safe work," his diploma did not aid him much in "church work." The priest who caught him was too much for him.

**Jazz Records and Song Hits**

- A2830-\$1.00  
Fi Fo Fum—One Step  
Dancing Honeycomb—Fox Trot
- A2879-\$1.00  
Just Another Kiss—W  
Ah There—Fox Trot
- A2883-\$1.00  
Mohammed—Fox Trot  
Afghanistan—Fox Trot
- A2805-\$1.00  
Bo-La-Bo—Fox Trot  
Venetian Moon—Fox Trot
- A2898 \$1.00  
Kid from Madrid—A. Johnson  
C-U-B-A—Kaufman

We ship Records all over the country.

**PLUMMER'S MUSIC STORE**

NEWPORT, R. I.

Weekly Calendar FEBRUARY 1922

STANDARD TIME.											
Sun	Moon	High	Water								
rises	sets	water	low								
23 Sat	6:28	5:30	5:28	6:41	7:03						
24 Sun	6:16	5:31	5:29	7:22	7:11						
25 Mon	6:05	5:32	5:30	8:00	7:40						
26 Tues	5:53	5:33	5:31	8:40	8:00						
1 Wed	5:42	5:34	5:32	9:19	8:40						
2 Thurs	5:30	5:35	5:33	9:58	9:10						
3 Fri	5:18	5:37	5:35	10:38	9:51						

First quarter, Feb. 4th, 11:51 even.  
Full moon, Feb. 11th, 8:19 even.  
Last quarter, Feb. 18th, 1:19 even.  
New moon, Feb. 26th, 1:43 even.

**Deaths.**

In this city, February 19, Henry C. M. Sanford, in his 61th year.  
In this city, 19th Inst., John H. Bennett.  
In this city, 20th Inst., Andrew Tate.  
In this city, 21st Inst., James H. Dawson, in his 65th year.  
In this city, February 21, Dominic D. Christoforo, in his 78th year.  
In this city, 22nd Inst., John J. son of Daniel and Bridget Sullivan.  
In this city, 22nd Inst., Pauline Baker, daughter of Robert W. and Adella Smith, aged 7 years, 2 months, 13 days.  
In this city, 22nd Inst., John H. Mason, in his 33rd year.  
Entered into rest on 22nd Inst., Richard and Washburn Corbin.  
At Westfield, Mass., 26th Inst., Ellen, widow of Thomas Lawton.

**BLOCK ISLAND**  
**INFLUENZA STILL HOLDS TOWN**  
**IN ITS GRIP.**

The epidemic of "Flu" which hit the town a week ago last Tuesday still continues to hold full sway in the town, at the present time nearly 300 cases are known. Although in a mild form, compared to the malady of three years ago, there are several instances where pneumonia has developed and many cases have assumed an alarming aspect.

Dr. F. B. Husted, who has handled the situation in a most commendable manner, going night and day, has the highest praise from the State Board of Health and the citizens of the town. The Public Market Drug Store has co-operated with the physician and kept the stock of medicinal supplies to full capacity thru special arrangements with the Geo. L. Clafkin Company of Providence, the State's largest wholesale medicinal supply house.

**MARKET WHIST NOTES.**

The following received the awards at the weekly Market Whist of the Athletic Association, held in Mohegan Hall last Saturday night.

Claude Mitchell—Box of chocolates.  
Mrs. Eugene Rose—3 lbs. coffee.  
Mrs. Myrtle Mitchell—Bag of flour.  
Harold Lawry—Pot roast.  
Miss Frances Jaiken—Pork chops.  
Mrs. Rouse—Mince meat and plum pudding.

Consolations—Mrs. Wm. Teal, A. T. Robinson.

Among the visitors during the evening were Capt. Claude Farmer of the U. S. Submarine N-2 and Lieutenants Robert Littman and A. T. Robinson.

Richard Steadman has assumed the management of the H. F. Willis Company a local branch of the well known Rhode Island Fish Co. whose main offices are in Providence.

Mrs. Ernest Tabbutt entertained at a dinner party at her home last Tuesday afternoon. Among those present were Mrs. Ray Mitchell, Miss Gladys Steadman, Mrs. Sidney McClaren and Mrs. Sylvanus Willis.

Owing to the great amount of sickness on the Island which necessitated the confinement of entire families the Public Market was forced to employ an extra force of help this past week and inaugurate extra deliveries to all parts of the island.

Giles P. Dunn, Jr., Joseph P. Malloff and Dwight A. Dunn who have spent the past two months in Florida, have returned to Block Island.

Frank Ashworth the local plumber is installing additional equipment and machinery at his shop in the rear of the Public Market Building. Thomas Ward the local agent for the Willys Knight Electric Lighting Plant will occupy the adjoining rooms.

A CHARACTERISTIC ACT OF FORMER MAYOR COGGESHALL.

Admiral Frederick M. Symonds, U. S. N., now on the retired list, resides in Galesville, Wis. He is chairman of the Wisconsin Perry Memorial Commission and has always taken a deep interest in the proceedings of that body. He was one of the earlier commanders of the boys at the Naval Training Station at Newport. He delights in telling the following story: "One day the boys under my command committed some breach of discipline for which I could have given them a severe punishment, in fact I could have put them in irons. Instead I lined them up and gave them a fatherly talking to. Before I got through I had most of them crying, and they all promised good behavior in the future. When I had finished I turned round and was met by a portly gentleman who held out his hand in the most cordial manner and said 'Captain, that was the finest thing I ever heard. I am Mayor Coggeshall, mayor of Newport, and I congratulate the Government on having such a competent officer in charge of this station.' That was not the end of it. A few weeks later I received a very complimentary letter from the Secretary of the Navy saying that the Mayor of Newport had written him in most glowing terms of my wise and fatherly discipline of the boys under my command, and, at his suggestion, as well as in my own behalf, extending to me the thanks of the Navy Department." The Admiral adds "I shall always have a very warm place in my heart for that mayor of Newport."

The word "gringo," Mexican nickname for an American, is in Spanish dictionaries of many years ago. The word was first brought into the Spanish language from griego and the use of the French phrase "to speak in Greek," which was generally applied to persons who spoke in a tongue unintelligible to them. It is not, as has been stated, of Mexican war origin.—Dearborn Independent.

A Remarkable Coincidence.  
It must be just fate that causes a man's shirt to wear out at the same time his wife needs a new dusting cloth.—Toledo Blade.

**INSURANCE**  
**FIRE, MARINE AND**  
**WORKMAN'S COMPENSATION**  
**INSURANCE**

Insure Now Do not delay  
Prompt personal service at all times  
**ALMANZA J. ROSE**  
BLOCK ISLAND

**PORTSMOUTH.**  
(From our regular correspondent)

**ENTERTAINMENT BY SARAH REBEKAH LODGE.**

The social committee of Sarah Rebekah Lodge gave an entertainment at Oakland Hall on Monday evening. 200 persons were present to enjoy the excellent program which was presented. The committee which had charge of the affair was as follows: Mrs. Emerson Bishop, Mrs. Harrison Peckham, Mrs. Jethro Peckham, Mrs. James H. Handy and Mrs. Laura Babbitt.

Miss Mildred Bishop gave vocal selections, accompanied by Mr. Worley on the piano.

The Odd Fellows Minstrel Show came next with six black face comedians, Messrs. Alexander Digely, Frank Hutchinson, William Page, Clifford Carr, George Taylor and Samuel Taylor with Mr. Arthur K. Speers as interlocutor.

Seven little girls, pupils of Miss Dorothy Gladding, gave exhibition dances. The floor was very slippery; which caused two of them to fall, but with great control they continued their dances, with the skill and grace of professional dancers.

Cake and coffee were served by the committee after which general dancing was enjoyed until midnight. Two boxes of Rome made candy were sold on shares, and were awarded to Mr. William Page and Mrs. David Caswell.

A pair of saw, whet or Acadian owls were seen recently. As their habits are nocturnal, they are never seen at day.

Mr. Frank J. Thomas is to have a cement frontage at his gas and oil station at Cossy Corner.

A water tank exploded recently at the farm of Mr. Antonio De Costa, near Lawton's Valley. Fortunately no one was injured, but it was necessary to have carpenters to repair the damage to the barn where it occurred.

Mr. Robert Downing who has been in Utica, New York, for several weeks, is now in West Virginia, where he is traveling with a film company, showing "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." Mr. Downing has played the leading role in the well known play 600 times and now lectures on it, both preceding and following the screen version.

Several carloads of fertilizer have arrived at the Portsmouth Station from Dighton, and will be carted from there to the various farms.

Mr. William Allen is confined to his home where he is suffering with lumbago.

Mrs. George A. Sward, who, with her husband, is spending the winter in Charleston, S. C., sang at a concert given by the Charleston City Federation of Women's Clubs.

Miss Kate L. Durfee who has been ill, is gaining in health, although her sister, Mrs. Annie H. Carter, who has been caring for her, is still with her.

The regular meeting of Sarah Rebekah Lodge, No. 4, I. O. O. F. was held on Wednesday evening at Oakland Hall. At the close of the meeting whist was played. Dishes of home made candy were placed at each table. Mrs. J. Fred Sherman won the ladies' first prize and Mrs. Emerson Bishop the consolation prize. Mrs. J. H. Handy, who played a man's part, won the men's first prize, a pack of cards, and Mr. J. Frederick Sherman won the men's consolation prize. The brothers of the lodge will furnish the entertainment and refreshments for the next meeting.

Mr. Isaac Gray, who has been ill for the past month is able to be about the house.

An auction sale of household goods of Mrs. Frank Davies, was held at their recent home on East Main Road on Tuesday. Mr. Isaac Chase was the auctioneer, and the sale was well attended. Mr. and Mrs. Davies who ran the Coddington Kennels, have gone to Rutland, Vermont, to reside.

**ANOTHER AIRSHIP DISASTER.**

The giant army airship Roma, the largest fighting plane ever built, plunged to destruction at Hampton Roads on Tuesday, killing 34 men, injuring 8, leaving only three unharmed of a total crew and civilians of 45. This is one of the most disastrous of many that have occurred in trying to navigate the air, and it would seem to be about time that this mode of navigation was abandoned. This is the third great airplane disaster within the past few months. On August 24, 1921 the ZR-2, costing two million dollars exploded over Hull, England, killing 42; on January 1, 1921 the R-34, the first plane to cross the ocean, was wrecked in a gale, causing a large loss of lives. Some of the other airship accidents in which heavy losses of life occurred follow:

July 21, 1919—Ten lost when dirigible exploded at Chicago and fell in flames into the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank.

July 2, 1912—Five killed at Atlantic City when balloon Akron exploded shortly after leaving the ground.

Sept. 9, 1913—Fifteen lost in destruction of Zeppelin off Heligoland.

July 15, 1915—Twelve lost when British airship fell into North Sea.

June 20, 1914—Nine lost in collision of airship and airplane at Vienna.

Neon's Peculiar Property.  
Neon, one of the rarest elements of the air, has the peculiar characteristic of glowing bright red when an electric current passes through it, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. This has been utilized in a new spark plug tester, consisting of a hard rubber shell that contains a small glass tube of neon. When the metal cap, sealing the tube, touches a spark plug, the action of the neon quickly shows whether the plug is working or not.

A Soliloquy.  
As long as there are tomorrows lazy men will have excuses for feeling weary today.

**BOSTON MARKET REVIEW**  
(For Week ending February 17, 1922)

(Prepared by U. S. Bureau of Markets and Crop Estimates)

**DAIRY AND POULTRY PRODUCTS.**  
The butter and cheese markets have improved this week. Both selling much better and at higher prices. Butter especially has been wanted and the volume of trade has been heavier than for several weeks. Fancy fresh goods shortened up, dealers having really fine butter obtaining 35-38 cents for tubs and 41-43 cents for prints. There has been a surplus of underaged, wintry Northern butter and this moved hard at 35-36 cents. Western fresh and storage were firm at 36-38 cents. Cheese also made its first gain in several months, fine fresh receipts moving out at 20-21 cents and the fancy cured lots going at 21-24 cents. The egg market has been irregular, prices varying only with the weather and available supply. New York eggs were held up somewhat by the storm and were generally easily saleable at 45-50 cents. Western fresh dropped to 40-43 cents and then again to 42-46 cents, are closing weak. Poultry has held its own, fresh killed birds having more call but at unchanged prices, while frozen stock has continued weak. Fowl have ranged, 35-38 cents, chicken sold at 21-23 cents and a few fancy chickens went up to 40 cents. Live birds have been easier at 35-38 cents for fowl or chickens, supplies showing some increase, especially from the Western sections.

**FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.** The general price trend was steady or slightly lower, lettuce being the only leading commodity that advanced in price. Apples unchanged, No. 1 Maine Baldwin from cold storage bringing \$7.50-8.00 a box. Market flooded with new cabbage, causing heavy losses to local dealers. Florida cabbage selling \$2.00-2.50 per 100 lb. crate and New York state Danish cabbage \$2.25-2.50 a box. Native Pascal celery higher at \$4.00-7.00 a box but Florida celery plentiful and lower at \$3.50-3.75 a crate in carlots. California cauliflower, finer at \$2.50-3.00 a crate. Florida lettuce scarce and high at \$2.25-3.50 a crate. Connecticut Valley onions slightly weaker at mostly \$1.15 per 100 lb. sack. Florida oranges lower at mostly \$1.00-1.50 a box. Arizoon County green mountain potatoes 15 cents lower at \$2.00-2.10 per 100 lb. sack. Texas spinach firm at \$1.25 a box. Southern sweet potatoes still at \$1.50-2.00 a box. Hamper. Native house vegetables sold at following: Cucumbers \$5.00-10.00 a box, dandelions \$2.25-3.50 a box, lettuce \$5-75 cents a box, radishes \$1.50-2.00 box, rhubarb 15-17 cents lb., watercress \$2.50-3.00 a box. Native root vegetables unchanged at the following prices per box: beets 75 cents, 1.25 carrots \$1.25-1.50, parsnips \$1.50-1.75, turnips 75 cents, 1.00.

**BRIGHTON LIVESTOCK AND HORTON DRESSED MEAT MARKETS.** Under light receipts, prices were quiet and been quiet with good and medium steers and cows going at \$15.50-16.00, cows and heifers \$15.50-16.00 and canners and cutters \$15.50-16.00 per 100 lbs. Veal calves were about \$10.00 lower with good light lots bringing \$10.00-12.00 per 100 lbs. The few hogs on sale went at \$15.50-16.00. Trading in dressed beef has been slow and drags with good steers selling at \$12.50-13.00 and medium \$12.00-12.50 per 100 lbs. Cows were 40 cents higher with good going at \$10.00-10.50 and medium \$9.50-10.00 per cwt. Under light receipts and fair demand bulls were steady with medium going at \$7.50-8.00 per 100 lbs. Under light receipts, western veal is steady with medium selling at \$14.00-15.00 per 100 lbs. The British dressed hams have been moving slowly at \$20.00-24.00 with choice country dressed bringing \$21.00-22.00 per 100 lbs. Under light receipts, lamb prices have been steady with choice big lambs today showing an advance of \$1.00 at \$17.00-23.00 and good \$16.00-21.00 per 100 lbs. Mutton has been steady with heavy fat kinds selling at \$12.50-13.00 and lighter \$11.50-12.00 per 100 lbs. Receipts of pork loins have been light and when compared with a week ago are \$2.80-3.00 higher with 5-6 averages going at \$13.00-13.50 per 100 lbs. Increasing live hog prices in western markets throughout the week was a factor and caused buyers to go slowly. Fresh pickles have been about with 5-6 averages going today at \$14.50-15.00 per 100 lbs.

Syrians ought not be permitted in this country unless they first agree to put 10 years at farming before entering business for themselves. Is the opinion of Judge Frank W. Seymour of the Winchester, CL, town court, expressed from the bench after he had fined a Winchester Syrian merchant for selling liquor in his fruit store.

"Ship from a New England port" was the slogan Mayor Curley of Boston proposed to a group of men representing shipping and business interests who met in conference in his office on the matter of development of the port of Boston. The discussion centered around a project of establishing there a new steamship line to operate between Boston and ports in Ireland.

New England railroad has been given by the Interstate Commerce Commission the right to an increased proportion of revenues received by them in association with other railroads on joint shipments. The division assigned the New England roads by the commission's decision will increase their proportion by approximately 15 per cent on most of the shipments coming under the ruling.

Dr. Laura Black Stickney gained the distinction of being the first woman in Maine to be nominated for mayor when she was chosen at the Republican caucus in Saco. Dr. Stickney has been a city physician for four years and is a member of the women's division of the Republican state committee. She will be opposed by former mayor Walter J. Gilpatrick, the Democratic nominee, at the election on March 6.

Civil Service Commissioner Payson Dana promised Mayor James H. Kay of Fall River that civil service rules would not be allowed to defeat the efforts of Fall River or any other city to provide work for its unemployed Mayor Kay told of an experience that his city government had in the past year trying to furnish employment for men who had long been out of work, which, he explained, the civil service rules prevented.

One Use for It.  
The abandoned farm comes in handy for golf links later on.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Minimum.  
Exchange—One should always wear a smile at breakfast. That much, at least.—Boston Transcript.



## JESSAMINE HOAGLAND

Member Executive Board As-  
sociated Advertising Clubs

Miss Jessamine G. Hoagland of Chicago has been elected manager of the savings department of a large Chicago bank, being the first woman to hold such a position. She is the only woman member of the executive board of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World.

FOREIGN VOTERS ASKED  
TO SECRET CONFERENCE

German Issues Private Invitations for Pow-Wow to Start Work on Hyphenate Bloc.

Washington.—There is to be another Washington conference. Its purpose is to miss the foreign votes into a hyphenate bloc that will get something for themselves and save the country from the British domination, which, according to the agenda, is all-powerful with the administration.

The only name mentioned so far in connection with the call for this conference is that of George W. Schreiner of New York. The invitations are issued in his name, otherwise George Sylvester Viereck might have been suspected, as the agenda has a Viereckian sound.

The agenda—marked "private, publicity not desired"—begins with the subject for discussion: "participation in the management of public affairs by all elements of the citizenry regardless of origin." The first subdivision under this head bewails the indifference of Germans to politics.

"While the Irish-American stock," runs the message, "has taken a fairly active part in government; it has been handicapped by the fact, obliged to act singly, it has formed a minority and was therefore restricted to such smaller political divisions where its members formed a majority. For this reason, then, the Irish-American was unable to exert influence on national legislation except by special efforts of the most costly character, which it would be hard to continue in the future. On the other hand, the influence of the Irish-American group has been all with the executive branch of the government. There is not perceptible, in the present administration, the least concern for the wishes or the will of citizenship elements not of Anglo-Saxon stock."

LATEST EVENTS  
AT WASHINGTON

House Committee, 15 to 1 in favor of a cash bonus to veterans, to be financed by sales tax.

The demand that the soldiers' bonus bill be immediately passed was made in a telegram sent to President Harding by Harford MacNider, commander of the American Legion, from his home in Mason City, Iowa. Reservations to the naval treaty along the lines hinted by Senator Hiram Johnson's inquiry made in the Senate as to Pacific fortifications would nullify the whole armament limitation idea, close advisers of the President declared.

Harding has asked the senate for its consent to restore the patent treaty with Germany.

The soldiers' bonus issue in Congress continues befuddled, with Republican leaders pressing on to complete the bill, but the program of revenue raising is still in the air. Labor and agriculture both oppose the tax.

Restoration of official relations with Mexico is no nearer, says President Harding, who is aroused over the representations made by persons unauthorized by either government. The War Department is preparing to protect El Paso from rebels.

Representative Byrnes (Dem., S. C.) attacked Senator Lodge's figures on savings of the present Congress.

Hitchcock offered resolution calling on President for all documents connected with framing of four-power treaty. President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor urges Secretary of the Navy Denby to have the battleships scrapped in navy yards so as to save jobs for government workers.

Democratic senators attack the political comments of Senators Lodge and McCormick and seek to place blame for current ills on Republicans.

Chianti, a Persian cat, named after the rich colored Italian wine, owned by Miss Bessie Skinner, secretary of the Winsted, Conn., Gas Co., was buried in a satin-lined white casket the other day. There were a number of mourners, also bearers, including children who romped and played with the aristocratic feline.

TO END BRITISH  
RULE IN EGYPT

King George Approves Plans for Setting Up a Native Cabinet in Cairo.

## TO TERMINATE MARTIAL LAW

Protectorate to Be Abolished and Independence Granted Under Guarantees—Sarwat Pasha to Form Government.

London.—Field Marshal Lord Allenby, hero of the Palestine campaign, has convinced the British cabinet that the British protectorate over Egypt must be abolished as the first step toward setting up an Egyptian cabinet at Cairo. It was learned authoritatively. Lord Allenby was received by King George to whom he set forth the principal details of his plan for revision of Egyptian affairs.

The New York Tribune correspondent learns officially that the statement that Lord Allenby has been empowered by the British government to terminate the protectorate and recognize Egyptian independence under certain guarantees is "substantially correct."

This signifies a virtual return to the policy suggested more than a year ago by Lord Milner and the abandonment of the belief that the British should concede nothing until the Egyptians set up a functioning government.

It is understood in well-informed quarters that Abdel Khalek Sarwat Pasha, former Egyptian minister of justice, will be called upon to form a cabinet at Cairo. He is more acceptable to the British than Adly Pasha, former Egyptian premier, who headed the Nationalist delegation to London last November.

Lord Allenby also has been empowered, it is understood, to terminate the state of martial law in Egypt and to call a meeting of representatives of the Egyptian Nationalists and the British government to consider the future disposition of British troop garrisons and to define the guarantees which London wants for the military protection of the Suez Canal. Other guarantees which Great Britain wants and which will be discussed at this meeting are the maintenance of the British right to protect foreigners in Egypt and the prevention of interference in Egyptian affairs by any power other than Great Britain.

Lord Allenby is returning to Cairo and is expected to take immediate steps toward the formation of an Egyptian government, including a ministry of foreign affairs and the convening of a constituent assembly. Until this has been done, British troops will remain in Egypt, although it is possible that they will be redistributed within the next few weeks.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* **HARDING FOR PRODUCTIVE** \*  
\* **SALES TAX FOR BONUS** \*  
\* Washington.—Although Presi- \*  
\* dent Harding, it was said in ad- \*  
\* ministration circles, feels that it \*  
\* is the prerogative of Congress \*  
\* to determine what form of sales \*  
\* tax should be resorted to, if it is \*  
\* to adopt his suggestion that a \*  
\* sales tax be used for raising \*  
\* funds to finance the soldiers' \*  
\* bonus, the Chief Executive, it \*  
\* was declared, believes that a pro- \*  
\* ductive sales tax is the simplest \*  
\* form which could be worked out. \*  
\* This would avoid, it was said, \*  
\* the problems of exemptions \*  
\* which would perhaps arise in \*  
\* case any form of a general re- \*  
\* tail sales tax was decided on. \*  
\* \*\*\*\*\*

## OWN RACE LYNCHES NEGRO

Georgia Mob Kills Him After He Slays Black Schoolgirl.

Valdosta, Ga.—John Glover, a negro, was shot and killed by a mob of his own race at Indianola, after he had shot up a negro schoolhouse, killing a little girl and mortally wounding a boy.

Negroes of the neighborhood formed a mob and surrounded the schoolhouse. Glover was shot three times and finally killed by a blow on the head with a shovel.

## SEVEN COUNTRIES ACCEPT

Latin-America Will Send Delegates to Women's Conference.

Washington.—Seven governments of Central and South America already have accepted invitations to send delegates to the Pan-American conference of women to be held in Baltimore, April 20-29. It was announced here by the National League of Women Voters. Acceptances have been received from Peru, Chile, Ecuador, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Haiti and the Dominican Republic.

## STUDENTS HEATHENISH

Dance as They Never Would Have Dared Twenty Years Ago.

Madison, Wis.—Licentiousness and luxury have come into the schools of the nation through student dances, which must be curbed if there is to be a solution of the moral problems of the country, Dr. Jay William Hudson, of the University of Missouri, declared in addressing the Southern Wisconsin Teachers' Association. "We have come upon a reign of moral laxness and debauchery," he said.

One-man cars mean better service and lower fares, and are not more dangerous than the two-man cars, according to Homer L. Loring, trustee of the Eastern Massachusetts system, who appeared before the street railways committee in opposition to bills prohibiting use of the one-man types.

## JACOB P. ADLER

After Fifty Years  
Retires from Stage

Jacob P. Adler, famous all over the world as a Yiddish actor, formally retired from the stage at a special benefit matinee in the Manhattan opera house, marking the fiftieth year of his artistic career.

TAXABLE INCOMES TAKE  
LEAP IN SINGLE YEAR

Increase of Nearly \$4,000,000,000 in 1919 Figures Compared With Year 1918.

Washington.—Taxable incomes of individuals returned to the government for the calendar year 1919 showed an increase of nearly \$4,000,000,000, as compared with 1918, according to statistics issued by the Internal Revenue Bureau.

For the year 1919 there were 5,332,700 individual returns filed for a total income of \$19,859,000,000, as against 4,252,114 returns for a total of \$15,924,000,000 for the previous year. The tax collected on the 1919 returns amounted to \$1,270,000,000, which was \$141,903,000 over the year 1918.

Personal returns of incomes of \$1,000,000 and over totaled 65 for 1919, compared with 87 in 1918, while for 1919 there were five returns filed for incomes of \$5,000,000 and over.

For 1919 there were six personal returns of incomes from \$3,000,000 to \$4,000,000; seven of incomes from \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000; 13 from \$1,500,000 to \$2,000,000; 34 from \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000; 60 from \$750,000 to \$1,000,000, and 140 from \$400,000 to \$750,000.

The average net income reported for 1919 was \$3,724.05, average amount of tax \$238.08 and the average tax 6.39 per cent. The proportion of the population of the country filing returns for the year was 6.03 per cent, reporting a per capita net income of \$187.32 and a per capita income tax of \$11.93.

The number of joint returns of husbands and wives for 1919 was 2,858,597, and the number of wives making separate returns from their husbands was 58,534. The number of single men filing returns as heads of families was 362,797, and the number of single women filing such returns was 88,605. The number of returns from all other single men was 3,602,277, and from all other single women was 361,900.

WORLD'S NEWS IN  
CONDENSED FORM

CHICAGO.—Harold F. McCormick president of the International Harvester Company, formally announced the engagement of his daughter, Miss Matthilde, aged sixteen, to Max Oeser, forty-eight years old, proprietor of a Berne, Switzerland, riding academy.

INDIANAPOLIS.—General suspension of work by union coal miners on April 1, subject to a referendum vote of the union membership, was ordered by the convention of the United Mine Workers of America, unless new wage agreements are readjusted before that date in both the bituminous and anthracite coal fields.

WINDSOR, VT.—Cells are being torn out at the Vermont state prison here and the prisoners, eighty-eight in all, are sleeping in open dormitories with two guards to watch them. The radical change represents the introduction of a new system in the treatment of convicts.

BOSTON.—The city of Boston is to have a press agent. Mayor Curley announced the appointment of William H. McMaster as publicity agent for Boston commerce. His first task will be to undertake a "ship from a New England port" campaign to be pasted in all parts of the country.

BELFAST.—Street fighting here has cost a total of twenty-three lives to date.

BERLIN.—The Reichstag has voted confidence in the Wirth government, 230 to 153. Sixteen did not vote. Four separate factions in the Reichstag, composing a majority, had declared a lack of confidence in the premier.

WARSAW.—The "shimmy," the "scandal" and even the fox trot are anathema to the Polish government. All American dances, with the exception of the one-step, were prohibited by official order at the national military ball, held recently.

Women bootleggers are plying their trade in Peabody, Mass., using moonshine containers made to wear under their waltzes, Chief of Police M. H. Grady states. He had shown in court a copper tank, constructed like a baseball catcher's chest protector, in connection with his report of a raid on the home of Mrs. Annie Shanaway.

SALES TAX, OR  
DELAY ON BONUS

Congressional Leaders Predicting Passage of Relief Measure, Hold Silence on Funding Plan.

## BLOCS MAKING THREATS

Delay President's Other Alternative—No Injustice Involved, He Contends, Pointing to Provision for Disabled. Next Step Is Problematical.

Washington.—Both houses of Congress are completely at sea on the soldier bonus situation created by President Harding's recommendation, expressed officially that either the funds to pay the bonus should be raised by a general sales tax or else consideration of the bonus should be postponed. His views were expressed in a letter to Chairman Fordney of the House Ways and Means Committee.

The President flatly dismissed every other proposed source of revenue except the sales tax, including in his attack even the proposed sweeping economies suggested by Republican leader Mondell.

"It is not consistent to enact legislation in anticipation of these things," the President declared, referring to this legislation and to the sale of government property, "but it would be a prudent plan to await developments, and I can see in such a postponement no lack of regard for the service men, in whom all the American people are so genuinely interested."

Emphasizing the better he has expressed privately several times in the last few weeks that many proposed forms of revenue would do much harm to the country through making times harder, the President said: "I take it that the ex-service men themselves are no less concerned than others about the restoration of business and the return to abundant employment."

The President also took occasion to meet the constantly made attempt to have the public think in terms of wounded and disabled men in connection with the bonus. He pointed out that these men are being cared for now by the government "with the most liberal generosity the nation can bestow." He referred to the building of hospitals, and called attention to the fact that already the government is spending \$100,000,000 a year on compensation, hospitalization and rehabilitation.

"These things are recited," he said, "to reassure you that such delay as will enable Congress to act in prudence for the common good will have no suggestion of unkindness or ingratitude."

The President's letter only marks a stage of the fight in Congress. No clear path has been marked to the solution of the problem. The most likely thing would seem to be, judging from a canvass of the situation, that the bonus bill will be passed after some delay with the sales tax feature attached. This is made doubtful, however, by the tremendous opposition to the sales tax, especially among the Senators and members representing farming districts.

Politicians here generally think that the farmers of the country are opposed to the sales tax. With almost every Senator and every member of the House, with very few exceptions, weighing the whole bonus question carefully on scales the dial of which shows estimated votes for or against himself personally at the next election, this would seem to indicate that the representatives of farming states will vote against the bonus bill if it is loaded down with the sales tax.

But there are some farming members who are more afraid of their soldier votes than their farmer votes, so that it is almost impossible to apply any general rule save the broad, general one that every one in voting will have his eye cocked carefully at November 7 next.

For the present both the Senate and House apparently are agreed upon delaying the decision put up to them by the President. Far from making their choice, their program calls for a meeting of the Ways and Means Committee to consider the report of its subcommittee, headed by Representative Green, of Iowa, which has been drafting the administration provisions of the bonus bill.

Construction of 12.51 miles of road the coming season has been approved by the Governor and council of Maine. This action is in line with recommendations of the state highway commission and the total cost will be \$2,423,350. The work will be widely scattered over the state.

SEVERE ECZEMA  
ON FACE NECK

Arms and Limbs. In Pimples, Could Not Rest. Cuticura Healed.

"I had a very severe case of eczema which started with small pimples that fastened and scaled over. The pimples were scattered all over my face, neck, arms and limbs, and were so painful that I could not rest at night. The trouble lasted about a year. A friend gave me a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment which helped me so much that I bought more, and after using three cakes of Soap and three boxes of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Miss Lena Robinson, Box 95, Norwich, Vt., Aug. 4, 1921.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum exclusively for every-day toilet purposes.

The Savings Bank of Newport, R. I.  
THAMES STREET

## DEPOSITS

January 1902	\$7,170,263.53
January 1912	8,544,868.35
January 1922	12,632,628.67

## YOU HAVE GOOD REASON

to be proud of your bank account if you are depositing regularly to your credit. It is a protection for an emergency—a fund for opportunity. New accounts are invited.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month, draws interest from the 1st of that month.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST  
COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

## SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders Promptly Answered to

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods are Pure and Absolutely

PARAGRAPHS FOR  
THE NEW ENGLANDER

News of General Interest  
From the Six States

John P. Austin of Brewer, Me., has been named to succeed H. H. Hovey of Millo as field agent under Seth May of Auburn, prohibition director of Maine.

The first death since 1920 in the little town of Montgomery, Mass., occurred recently when Samuel W. Coe died at the age of 82. Montgomery has a population of 200.

The name of the Massachusetts School for Feeble Minded will be changed to the "Massachusetts State School" under a resolve reported by the committee on public institutions.

The Boston Bar Association wants to erect a building costing at least \$1,000,000, according to Atty. Thos. W. Proctor, who appeared before the mercantile affairs committee seeking authority.

John E. Nelson, an attorney of Augusta, Me., has been nominated as Republican candidate to succeed former Congressman John A. Peters, at special primaries in the third Maine district.

A rent reduction of 25 percent to all operatives living in the company's tenements is announced by the Cabot Manufacturing Co., Brunswick, Me. A reduction in wages of 20 percent was put in effect recently.

John F. Fitzgerald, speaking at a banquet of the Sole & Leather Trades Association in Boston, declared that the New England shoe and leather trade is laboring under very serious handicaps now, and that if the 13 percent duty on hides, as threatened by the farmer bloc in Congress, comes a law, it will make a bad situation worse. He added that Western cowboys are now able to put down many grades of shoes at from 25 to 50c a pair cheaper than New England manufacturers.

A verdict for \$32,500, said to be the largest award ever returned by a Massachusetts jury in a suit for alienation of affections, was given to Mrs. Eugene E. Dickerman of Somerville in the superior court. Mrs. Dickerman had brought action against her mother-in-law, asking \$100,000 damages for loss of her husband's affection.

Business Agent George White of the Haverhill, Mass., shoe cutters' union announces plans for the raising of a defense fund to be used to fight the manufacturers. If rumors that they intend to operate their plants as open shops on expiration of present union agreements next December prove true, it is expected that other affiliated bodies will follow the example of the cutters.

Camp Devens, from early in June until the last of September, this year, will be the scene of greater activity than it has been since the war, according to announcement by Maj. Gen. Clarence R. Edwards. More than 3000 New England boys will attend the citizens' military camp, and reserve officers, 12,000 national guardsmen and several thousand from the R. O. T. C. units of various schools and universities will also train there.

## JUDGE LANDIS QUILTS BENCH

Day Too Short for Him to Handle All His Work.

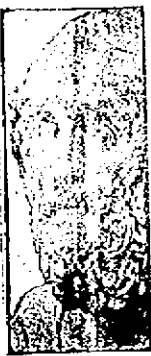
Chicago.—Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis sent his resignation as United States District Judge to President Harding. It is to take effect March 1. "There aren't enough hours in the day for me to handle the courtroom and the various other jobs I have taken on," was the Judge's explanation. "I am going to devote my attention in the future entirely to baseball."

## \$250,000 JOB FOR HOOVER

Secretary Is Sought as Director of Philadelphia Centennial. Philadelphia.—An offer of \$250,000 a year for five years to Secretary of Commerce Hoover to become director of the proposed sesqui-centennial exposition in Philadelphia in 1926 has been made by Edward Bok, it was announced by Mayor J. Hampton Moore. Mayor Moore said that Mr. Bok was now in Florida, had written him to this effect and that the matter would be submitted.

## CONDENSED CLASSICS

## HOMER'S ODYSSEY

Condensation by  
Prof. William Fenwick Harris

The Greeks were princes of story-telling, and Homer was their king. Who he was and where he lived is one of the unanswered questions of history. Seven cities and more claimed him as their greatest source of pride. The most we can be sure of is that in us have come down to us the many poems that bear his name, the Iliad and the Odyssey.

Like the Hebrew Bible, they have become part of the heritage of universal humanity. We call them epic poems; they are rather great historical romances.

Each has a story of its own. The Iliad is the story of Achilles against King Agamemnon in the Odyssey it is the wanderings of Odysseus on his way back from the wars at Troy. Back of them both as remote came in the tale of the fatal beauty of Helen. In such are innumerable short stories, which have been storehouses of romance for writers ever since that they became known.

It is in one of the marvels of the Greek that they step out of the mist of unrecorded history with a highly developed civilization, portrayed in two of the world's masterpieces of literature. The Greeks in later years wrote "Iliads" of Homer, with great exactness and minute detail. They knew as much about the "Iliad" as we do. Indeed, they were not even sure that our poet wrote both tales. But that the stories were the work of supreme genius they were as sure as have been all men since their day who have read them.

Homer was the Greeks' "best seller"; they thronged in thousands to hear him recite; their religion, their thought, their education were all based on him; under whose name is told the great story of their heroes.

IT IS the tenth year since Troy has fallen. Though the Iliad did not go beyond the death of Hector at Achilles' hands, other stories carried on the tale through the death of Achilles, the capture of Troy by the Greeks by means of the stratagem of the wooden horse, the sacking and burning of the city, the death of Priam and his queen, the slavery of Andromache which Hector had foreseen, the slaughter of the little son he loved so dearly, the escape of Aeneas with his aged father.

After the booty had been divided, the Greek chiefs took leisurely courses to their homes. The great King Agamemnon sent his dramatic night letter, announcing to his queen at home by the light of flames leaping from hilltop to hilltop across the sea that Troy had fallen; for his pains he met the dramatic death at the hand of Queen Clytemnestra which Aeschylus has made forever famous in his great play, "Agamemnon"; the latter has in it the beginning of the story of Orestes, the close Greek counterpart of Hamlet. The king's brother, Menelaus, had better fortune; he had journeyed homeward with his erstwhile Queen Helen, as if the great Trojan episode had never been, and was rejoicing again in peace and quiet with the World's Desire by his side at Sparta, with no dread of a marauding Paris sent on the quest of beauty by Aphrodite. And so, too, the other princes had returned with varying fortunes.

But not so the Great Adventurer. Troy had taken ten years to capture; ten years more still found the wily Odysseus detained in the Isle of Ogygia by the fair Calypso. Meanwhile the patient Penelope bides at home, beset by the riotous suitors who make Liberty hall of the absent king's palace and would force the queen to wed one of them. She, ever as alert and resourceful as her wandering lord, puts off her promise till she has woven a web of which she each night unravels what she has done during the day.

This first great story of wandering adventure has a much more perfect unity than the Iliad. It centers closely about the person of Odysseus, and divides itself into three parts, the adventures of Telemachus in quest of Odysseus, the wanderings of the hero, and his return home, where with the few still faithful to him he makes himself his own detective, lays the scene for the destruction of the villains, and finally brings about the happy ending which has so constantly distressed critics of the novel and the theater since man began to write and ordinary folk to listen or to read.

In the first chapter, which comprises the first four "books" of the Odyssey, young Telemachus, amidst the mockery of the suitors, starts in quest of his father, and makes the rounds of the courts of our old friend Nestor, king of Pylos, and of Menelaus and Helen at Sparta, where he learns the whereabouts of his father, and then starts homeward.

At this moment it is at last made possible for Odysseus to start on his way home. But the sea, ever his enemy, again plays him false, and he is wrecked once more, though he is cast ashore on the land of the Phaeacians. There begins in the land of this fabulous folk one of the most marvelous adventures of the man of marvels. Probably the scene that remains in the minds of the great majority of readers of Greek literature as the fairest bit of idealized beauty in it all is the picture of the young Princess Nausicaa. She had gone down to the

river mouth with her handmaidens to wash linen; their work done, they fell to playing ball upon the shore, where Odysseus, beneath the shade of the bushes, was sleeping off the weary travail of his long swim. "Then having bathed and anointed themselves sleekly with olive oil, they took their meal by the banks of the river and waited for the clothes to dry in the bright rays of the sun. And when they had cheered themselves with food, maids and mistress alike, they began to play ball, casting aside their veils. And for their fair-armed Nausicaa began the song. As Artemis the archer-goddess goeth down from a mountain, either lofty Taygetus or Erymanthus, taking her sport with boar and swift deer, and with her the wood-nymphs sport, daughters of aegis-bearing Zeus, and Leto rejoiceth in heart, and over all she holdeth head and brows, and easy to mark is she, though all be fair—so was the unweird maid conspicuous among her attendants."

The day's work and the sport were over; they were about to depart and leave the weary sleeper under the bushes—when one last throw sent the ball spinning into the water. Instant and unanimous scream from princess and from maids!

So Odysseus was introduced to Phaeacia, and the introduction proved well that the hero knew not only the ways of men, but of maids as well. Of the many pleasing things he said to the princess to win her favor, one stands out conspicuous—his comparison of her perfect youth to the young shoot of a palm tree he had seen in Delos. Whoever has a gardener's eye knows instantly the perfect tribute.

Then followed the presentation of the royal wanderer at the court of King Alcinoos and Queen Arete, and the tale of his adventures since leaving Calypso's Isle. The king is moved and promises to help the stranger on his way. A feast is held; the court bard sings of Troy—the stranger weeps; the king presses him to tell his story. It was a wondrous tale he had to tell, the like of which was never heard before or since. Beginning with the fall of Troy, he had made his course to Thrace, to the Lotus-enters, to the land of the Cyclops, when befell the adventure with Polyphemus, whose one eye he put out; next the trying experience with the perverse winds of Aeolus, with the Laestrygonians, and with the enchantress Circe, who turned her visitors into swine. Then came the descent to Hades, which set the fashion for Virgil and for Dante and all the others who have essayed that great adventure. The sirens, Scylla and Charybdis, and other adventures brought the tale up to Calypso once more.

Alcinoos and the Phaeacians sent Odysseus on his way to his home at Ithaca. But his old enemy Penelope turned the ship to stone, and the wanderer reached home alone, in the guise of an old beggarman, where he arrived as his son, Telemachus, was returning from his travels.

Then began the thrilling tale of the wiles and guiles to win his own from the suitors who had taken his place, the harbor of refuge with faithful old Eumaeus, the swine-herd, the recognition by Telemachus, the death of the true old dog Argos on sight of his long absent master, the interview with Penelope, the recognition by his old nurse who knows him by a scar upon his leg, the final great trial of strength between the old beggarman and the suitors; they cannot even bend the famous bow of Eurytus; he, however, strings it with ease and sends an arrow singing through the holes of twelve battle-axes, set up one behind another.

At that instant the beggarman throws off his disguise and with Telemachus and only two faithful followers slays the evil suitors, wins back his true wife who has waited patiently all these long years, and hastens to greet his old father, Laertes.

Impossible romance? I dare say. Yet one of the most human stories ever told.

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## Wardrobe Mystery Solved.

A Chinese government representative who was new to American ways came to the home of an eminent New York banker for a week's visit. It was winter, but he came without baggage, and yet every day he appeared at dinner with a change of garments.

At first his hostess wondered how he managed it, but soon she discovered that his body was his trunk, and that instead of putting his clothes into a trunk, he put his trunk into his clothes.

His garments were like the layers of an onion, except that any layer might be worn on the outside, and as some of his gowns—for such they might be called—were of silk, lined with fur, or fur lined with silk, he could wear them either side out, at will.

## Gentle Hinting.

He—Those dramatists are always making their lovers propose in the same old way.

She—Well, anyhow, they do propose, and that's the main thing.

## "Perfect 36" Is No More.

The perfect 36 bust is no more, writes a satirical correspondent. In the days of her prime, before flappers owned their own cigarettes, she nourished. Now she is gone, forever. In her place is the willowy creature with a figure like a twelve-year-old boy and dresses that are suspended from sharp shoulders. The fashionable figure now, is smaller than the 36, more undeveloped. The stylish girl accentuates this thin, waxy appearance.

## Aftermath Gospel.

"From the stories my son tells about the war, I gather there were very many men A. W. O. U. in Paris."

"It was only natural there, wasn't it, for them to take French leave?"

## Halloween at Helen's

By RUBY DOUGLAS

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"Come to a Halloween party at Helen's." That was all there was on the invitation cards and they had been received by all of the members of the young dancing set and many of the younger married persons of the town.

"Helen—Helen who?" asked every one else. This was indeed carrying out to a letter the mysterious atmosphere that had been woven about the night called Halloween.

There was only one man in the town who seemed to feel that he knew who Helen was. There had been a Helen in his life five years before, but she had gone to live in Sorrento, Italy, in a villa overlooking the bay of Naples. They had quarreled over their differences of temperament, and she had sailed away to live her own life in what she believed was her own romantic way. She wrote stories for a living, such as it was. He had seen her name from time to time, but he had never had a line from her pen since she left.

The little invitation cards created no end of fun in the town and every one was trying to find out where the party was to be held.

"Do you know of a 'Helen, George'?" asked Grace Pennington.

George Morton shook his head. "No-o, I don't," he said, hesitatingly.

"At least, not here," he added.

The girl laughed. "Oh-h—then there is a Helen—somewhere!"

The man was non-committal.

In the course of a few days, further cards arrived. "Follow the Heetic highway."

The plot thickened, but the day before Halloween a number of arrows appeared on posts and trees. "To the Heetic highway," they read. But they ended at four crossroads and not until Halloween did the other arrows appear.

Those invited had decided to meet at a given point and, together, follow



Looked at the Sign at the Cross-Road.

the arrows. They had, by mutual agreement, decided to wear a sheet and pillowcase costume so as to carry out for their unknown hosts, in detail, the atmosphere of the occasion.

They reached the crossroads. "George, you are good at roads—you lead," said Grace Pennington, who was one of seven in George Morton's big touring car.

The man got out and looked at the sign at the crossroads. A black cat's face with a lantern behind it had been hung on the point of the arrow and the direction given was down through a dirt road leading off one of the main highways.

"It is a Heetic highway, indeed," remarked George as he led the procession of cars into the dirt road, narrow and dark save for the occasional skull-and-cross-bones lantern that had been hung on the arrows. At the end of the road there was a sharp turn up a sandy hill, and in lowered speed the ghostly clad guests proceeded.

At last they came to an old farmhouse which had been so nearly rejuvenated that no one of the crowd recognized it as being the shack they used to pass on occasional picnic parties.

In lighted letters, set in black glass, was the word HELEN'S.

There were murmured "Oh's" and "Ah's" from behind pillowcases. "But who is Helen?" asked every one with bated breath. This was indeed a lark.

Signs told them where to go, white arms reached out to shake their hands, groans came from the shrubbery as they passed into the dimly lighted house. Weird music was wafted from no one knew where and small tables lighted only with pumpkin lanterns stood around the dancing room.

Down the old cellar stairs each guest was guided. George Morton standing at the head to see that all the members of the party were accounted for. And still no sign of the hostess; no human voice to welcome the guests. George was beginning to feel queer.

When they were all assembled in the dark cellar a voice spoke. It made no particular impression upon any one except George Morton. It was, unmistakably, the voice of his Helen.

"It is five years since I left this old crowd to go to live on the other side of the water. I have returned, I

shall live here at this place, which shall be called 'Helen's,' and, together with the writing of my stories, I shall have a little tea house which I hope you will all frequent, for tea, for dancing, for a quiet hour in which to concentrate. I am glad to be back with you and I have taken this way of letting you know I have come to stay. Are you glad to see me?" The light was thrown full upon the face of Helen Tracy—lover's lover.

It was long moments before the girls had stopped kissing her and during all the time that the noisy welcoming had been going on George had stood back, alternately pinching himself to see if he were dreaming and heaping epithets upon the crowd for being so slow to return to the dancing floor above.

At last he was able to reach the girl's side. "Helen," he said, taking her hand. "Have you forgotten—me?"

"No; in spite of myself I have been remembering you all these years," she said frankly.

George did not let go her hand. "Is that true? Oh, if you only knew how I have longed for a sight of you, Helen. Nothing has seemed real since you left. Even now I cannot believe you are here."

She stepped close to him. "But I am, George."

He reached out for her; the light had gone out; they stood in the dim reflection of the light from upstairs.

"Must I wait to tell you I love you, dear? I love you better than I ever believed it possible for me to love."

There was silence for a moment, during which some one from above began to call for the hostess.

"Tell me quickly, sweetheart, that you do love me."

"I do, I do," she whispered.

"Then we'll make the Heetic highway a heavenly highway, won't we, Helen?" he asked, as they went up to join the dancers.

## FINANCIERING OF HIGH ORDER

Any Man Can Do It Who Has Friends Who Will Lend Him Three Hundred and Fifty Thousand.

A certain rich man took out life insurance for \$350,000 at \$7,000 a year. Speculation lost for him every cent he possessed. He so worried about his affairs that his physician warned him he could live only seven years longer.

"I shall willingly die at the end of seven years," said the man. "If I can live easily and comfortably and without mental burden during that time, and can die free from debt, with sufficient wealth to erect a stately tombstone."

He interviewed seven friends. He obtained written pledges that each of these seven would lend him \$50,000 for one year at 8 per cent interest, each loan to be made a year in advance of the one preceding.

He then borrowed \$350,000 from the first man. He lived comfortably the first year on \$10,000, paid his \$7,000 for life insurance, paid his \$28,000 interest—and had \$85,000 left. He then borrowed \$350,000 from the second man in order to pay back the first.

At the end of the second year, after subtracting yearly expenses, insurance and interest totaling \$45,000, he had \$280,000 left. He then borrowed \$350,000 from the third man in order to pay back the second.

At the end of the third year, still living comfortably on \$10,000, still mentally free, he had \$215,000 of the first loan left to his account. Money from the fourth man paid his debt to the third.

At the end of the fourth year, after similar deductions, he had \$170,000; at the end of the fifth year, \$125,000; at the end of the sixth, \$80,000; at the end of the seventh, \$35,000.

At the end of the seventh year he died. Life insurance of \$350,000 paid his debt to the seventh man.

Seven years before he had not had a cent in his name. For seven years he had lived easily, comfortably, without mental burden. At the end of seven years, without having turned his hand to work, he had spent \$7,000 upon himself; had made seven friends richer by \$100,000; and had died free from debt, with \$85,000 clear to purchase a stately tombstone.

What shall be engraved upon this tombstone—"A Wise Man"? The man, himself, upon his deathbed, gave the order for these three words.

But he had paid. He had paid with life.—Kansas City Star.

## The Stenog's Little Joke.

"Miss Pounders," said Mr. Dubwalte, severely, "your merry mood does you credit, but I wish you wouldn't slog at your work."

"I'm typing this letter you dictated to Skinnin & Fleecce, sir."

"Well?"

"I wouldn't dare to write such language without doing something to keep it from spilling my disposition."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## Personal Publicity.

"Is it true that the man who won't blow his own horn never gets his just deserts in this world?"

"Well," said Mrs. Grumpson, "I don't object to a man piping a few feeble notes just to call attention to his merits, but when he begins to make a noise like a comedian torturing a saxophone, I feel more like doing violence to him than honor."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## Man's Finger Will Replace Lost Nose

Michael Feighley of Robersville, Md., whose nose was cut off when the windshield of his automobile shattered and cut his face, will have his little finger grafted in place of the missing member. After the finger grows fast to Feighley's face it will be amputated from his hand.

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

## True Detective Stories

## VANISHING MAN

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WHEN Gideon Rabshaw, chief of detectives of Cleveland, Ohio, was notified over the long distance wire from Buffalo, that the police of that city had captured the four men responsible for the murder of Patrolman Leroy Bouker, he smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and muttered: "Fine work! That much is out of the way!"

But, had Rabshaw only known it, his troubles were only beginning—for one of the bandits, a man by the name of Meaney, determined to fight for his life with every weapon that the law afforded him.

Securing an attorney familiar with the tricks and twists of criminal law, he quickly succeeded in manufacturing an alibi which appeared to be iron-clad. Half a dozen witnesses swore that, at the time Bouker was shot, Meaney had been in their company, and that it was physically impossible for him to reach the scene of the crime in time to take part in the murder.

Meaney's lawyer followed his client's instructions to "make the alibi good enough for me to have 24 hours clearance—once I'm out of Cleveland they'll never find me" and the district attorney, rather than imperil the entire case, decided to drop the proceedings against Meaney and concentrate his attack upon the other three men who had the foresight to provide themselves with capable legal assistance. Therefore, in spite of the pleadings of Chief Rabshaw, Meaney was released.

Less than twelve hours later, the chief of detectives secured evidence that rattled the carefully prepared alibi—evidence which proved that Meaney had been directly implicated in the murder. But it was too late. The gunman had vanished, apparently into thin air!

Spurred on by a realization that he had had the man he wanted, actually lodged in jail, only to have him slip through a loophole in the legal wall which surrounded him, Rabshaw determined to nail the escaped murderer if, as he stated, "it took ten years and every man on the force to do it."

The city of Cleveland was combed from one end to the other. Every known meeting place in the underworld was watched and raided and closed.

But the days lengthened into weeks, and the weeks into months, and still there was no trace of Meaney.

At night, when his day's work was finished, Rabshaw would relieve the man always on watch at the former Meaney home, for the chief had a theory that some day the fugitive's wife would provide the clue which would lead them to the man they wanted.

"Yes, I know it's hard work and tedious work," Rabshaw would say, as he took up his nightly vigil. "But there's no woman alive that can outwit us if we keep steadily at it."

As events proved, however, Rabshaw was wrong. The clue which led to the final capture came from another and unexpected source.

It was some eleven months after the Bouker murder—after Meaney had been traced to Toledo and Pittsburgh and St. Louis and Toronto and various points in between, the police always one jump behind him—that Rabshaw dropped into the Cleveland post-office to purchase a stamp. There was nothing unusual in the action itself. He had bought stamps at that window hundreds of times before. But there was something in the attitude of the woman ahead of him in line, something furtive about the manner in which she attempted to conceal the address of the letter which she carried, which made the chief of the detectives wonder what was wrong.

When he caught a flash of her face, half-hidden under a long black veil, he had an intuition that he knew her reason for trying to prevent anyone from seeing the letter. The woman was Meaney's sister-in-law.

As she purchased the stamp and bent forward to affix it, Rabshaw stepped swiftly out of line, and succeeded in catching a glimpse of the envelope. One glance was all he needed. The missive was addressed to John M. Oliver, at a number which Rabshaw knew was in a secluded and quiet part of Indianapolis.

Early the following morning Rabshaw took up his vigil outside the house where Oliver was supposed to be living. But no one answering to the description of the missing man made his appearance, so the Cleveland chief determined to force the issue by sending two of the local police in to find out if anyone by that name resided there. Scarcely had they reported that "Oliver lived there, but was out at the time," than Meaney strolled down the street and started to mount the steps of the house, totally unsuspecting of his danger. An instant later, Rabshaw was upon him, his automatic ready for action, but the fugitive, realizing the folly of opposition to superior force, threw up his hands and surrendered.

"You've got me," he admitted. "Just when I thought I was safe; too. How'd you manage it?"

"A little matter of a postage stamp," said Rabshaw, and it wasn't until after he had commenced his life term in the Ohio penitentiary, that Meaney discovered the loophole which he had overlooked, the trivial detail which had enabled Rabshaw to trace him when every other means had failed.

## Vast Wealth in City Street.

The Chandel Chowk, or "Silver Street," is the main bazaar of Delhi, and one of the richest streets in the world. Many of its shops are occupied by jewelers, whose hoards of precious stones represent fabulous sums.

## True Detective Stories

## NUMBER 2695

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WHEN Policeman William Lawrence of Bath, Me., was found in a dying condition—a bullet having drilled a hole through his lung—it was only natural that Dennis Tracey should take up the trail of the murderers. Tracey was Lawrence's closest friend on the force.

No one knew anything about the circumstances which led up to the crime, and, apparently, there was little hope of discovering any clue, because Lawrence, though not dead when discovered on the following morning, was extremely weak from exposure and loss of blood. According to the physicians, it was practically a certainty that he would die without recovering consciousness.

After leaving orders at the hospital that he was to be notified at once if his friend showed signs of being able to talk, Tracey visited the scene of the shooting in the hope of being able to find footprints or other evidence which would assist him in the search which he intended to make. The investigation, however, was entirely fruitless.

The dying policeman's revolver had been fired three times, but without effect—for Tracey found the bullets lodged in the rafters of a nearby warehouse, sufficiently close together to provide a hazy outline of the place from which Lawrence's assailant must have fired. So far as Tracey was able to reconstruct the affair, Lawrence had come upon some one trying to break into the warehouse, had probably warned him by a shot over his head and followed that by two other shots which failed to take effect. The burglar had then turned and fired point blank at the policeman, dropping him where he stood.

But who was the other man?

This was the question to which Tracey determined to devote as much time as necessary, the problem without a clue.

It was late the following night before Lawrence's condition showed any signs of change, and then only for the worse. The physicians gave him only a few hours to live, and Tracey hung continually over the bed, hoping for some word or sign which would provide an indication of the murderer's identity. Finally it came.

With an almost superhuman effort the dying officer raised himself on one elbow, and gathering every ounce of his fast-fading energy, whispered the single word:

"WILKINSON!"

Then he fell back, dead.

But that last word was enough. Had it not been Tracey who heard it, it would have meant nothing—for the two officers had been secretly working on a number of recent warehouse burglaries and they alone knew of the suspected connection of Daniel Wilkinson, son of a prominent New Hampshire family, with the one-man thefts. Now Tracey knew that not only was Wilkinson guilty of the burglaries, but of a far greater crime—the murder of Policeman Lawrence.

Putting himself in the place of the criminal, Tracey felt certain that the latter would not remain in or around Bath. He must have known that Lawrence had recognized him, and would fear that the dying man would find some way of imparting this knowledge. It was probable, therefore, that he would head for some hiding-place where he would be comparatively safe.

Knowing that Wilkinson's family, in an effort to whiten the character of the black sheep, had sent him to sea a number of years before, Tracey thought it likely that the fugitive would attempt to join the crew of a sailing vessel and lose himself in a foreign port. He accordingly warned the authorities of all the New England sea ports to be on the watch for a man of Wilkinson's description, and then, securing leave of absence, he took up the search—combing the waterfronts of every city and town from the Canadian border to Boston.

It was nearly six months later, after he had almost abandoned hope, that Tracey wandered along the wharves at Bangor and spotted the man he wanted "porting" lumber into the schooner Good Intent, at the foot of the Railroad street wharf. Without a sound the policeman edged his way along the dock until he was behind Wilkinson, and then dropped on top of his man, flattening him to the deck. Almost before he knew what had happened the fugitive found himself handcuffed and on his way back to Bath, there to be convicted of the murder of William Lawrence, after one of the hardest-fought legal battles in the history of the state.

The fact that, in the shadow of the state prison wall at Thomaston, there stands today a headstone bearing the numerals "2695," does not close the case, for there are many who claim that the murderer had powerful friends who succeeded in saving him from the gallows and helped spirit him out of the country into the Canadian Northwest. But Tracey, who is now house detective at a big Florida hotel, considers that he fulfilled his obligations to his dead friend, when, after months of patient searching, he located the man who was responsible for Lawrence's death and produced the evidence which led to his conviction.

"Maybe Wilkinson is still alive," says Tracey, "but the soul of Bill Lawrence and my conscience are both at peace."

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### CORN FIELDS IN THE ALPS

Traveler Describes Picturesque Region That Is Not Ordinarily Visited by the Tourist.

Europe's highest corn fields are perched well over 5,000 feet high in the Grisons, where the peasants still speak the old Romansch dialect, a survival of the lingua rustica of the Roman empire. It is a region of barren, screeing, despite its wealth of bright Alpine flowers, where the struggle with the land for existence is keen and persistent, writes M. J. Landé.

I had ascended in the motor diligence on one of the few wet days of this remarkable summer. At the summit of the Oberalp pass, nearly 7,000 feet above sea level, beyond a somber trout lake, a cloaked figure with peak coat and long wand held up its hand.

It looked like a Familiar of the Inquisition summoning the modern invader to some ancient rite in a monastery hidden in the mountain fastnesses, but as the car obeyed the command, the figure uncloaked and revealed itself as a road-mender in enveloping mackintosh. His "wand" was a long-handled spade, and he merely wanted a lift to another pitch to continue his lonely labors.

Then came the corn fields. The grain had been cut and was stacked horizontally on tall, narrow frames that looked like race-course indicators. The corn just consents to grow, but refuses to ripen, and it has to be laid on the shelves of these roofed frames to be dried and ripened.

The Rhine is born here—in a little green lake, 7,000 feet high, sequestered amid enormous rock precipices—and continues a turbulent course for some time through ravines and weird gray gorges that might be relics of the Stone Age.

Motors are a novelty yet. Cows occasionally contested the right of way; now and again a child fled screaming, while others sat stolidly under umbrellas to watch the yellow monster scurry past. Soon the motor will be supplanted, for a railway has already been commenced, but it will have a steeper gradient than the highway.

The line has a derelict appearance; it is thickly overgrown with weeds all along the route. It has not been used yet; the war interfered with the work. But completed it will be, to form a link between the Engadine on the one hand and the Bernese Oberland and the Rhine valley on the other.

Connecting the sources of the Rhine and the Rhine, it may be an omen of the linking up of the nations.

**Old Campaign Button.**  
In the Globe recently there were published pictures and a brief description of a campaign button used during the campaign of Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin for the land's two highest offices in 1860.

A. P. Curtis of Fitchburg saw the item and mailed to the Globe a similar button used by Lincoln's opponents, Stephen A. Douglas and Herschel V. Johnson. The brass buttons are identical except for the dummies which they contain.

Mr. Curtis received the Douglas-Johnson button from his father, who in turn received it from his father. Mr. Curtis doubts whether the coin-like campaign badge was used as a charm, and points out that the ribbon attached to the Johnson-Douglas button (which he says is the original ribbon) indicates that the brass buttons were suspended from the coat lapel buttonholes by means of the short ribbons.—Boston Globe.

### Wave Motor.

A motor, or power producer, operated by the waves of the sea has been tried in England. It resembles a great steel buoy. A long, hollow spindle is maintained in a vertical position. Near its lower end is a platform which, being far below the surface of the water, tends to resist any vertical displacement. An annular float surrounds the spindle and rises and falls with the waves. Thus a pump-like action is produced between the moving float and the relatively stationary spindle, and this is utilized to produce power. In one experiment a stream of water was thrown across a ship's deck. It is proposed to mount a complete electric plant upon such a wave-motor, and have the dynamo driven by the same, so as to supply an electric lamp. This would give a self-supplying lighted buoy.

### The Periscope.

Under this name the Commandant Sottile de Cene of the French Legion of Honor has designed a piece—neck, or eyeglass, which enables the wearer to see at the same time on all sides, and even behind. This is ingeniously effected by means of reflections. At the same time the glasses are so constructed as to correct myopia and other errors of vision. A use for the instrument that the inventor did not think of has been revealed to him by deaf persons employing it. They say that it increases their safety by enabling them to perceive the approach of dangers.

## CHIC NEW FROCKS

Simplicity of Line Marks New Dresses for Season.

Gowns Are Simply and Quietly Lengthened—Harmony Watchword—Must Be Becoming to Figure.

Two notable elements apparent in the season's frocks is the decided uniformity in the matter of the design and the popular bateau neckline. For this simplicity the French are no doubt responsible.

At present the lines are longer, to be sure, but they are slimsy and quietly lengthened, with every attention given to the proportion and the blending of one line with another, until there results that harmony which is always satisfying and which, authoritatively handled, is becoming, to whatever figure happens to wear it.

In accord with this, is the unusually simple design of the frock of mauve-colored crepe, trimmed effectively with terra cotta, blue and brown beads.

The frock shown may be made from the same pattern by an inventive seamstress. It is one of the most popular models of the season, and it has nothing but straight lines to entice the wearer. This is made of emerald green silk duvetyn with the sleeves, long side panels and the narrow neck full made of georgette plaited dove gray crepe de chine.

Another frock which may easily be cut from the same pattern, with the possible exception of the widened skirt, is made of velvet. This has the drawn-in bodice, made possible by a very slight fitting. Then it tops the straight hanging skirt, which is fuller



Can Be Made by Inventive Seamstress.

than we are accustomed to see, and which is simply gathered over a hidden belt. The finishing touch is most effective of all, and it achieved with rows of gray tassels and bands of gray wool trimming, stimulating caracal fur.

The sleeves are tightly fitted and lend a decidedly new air. Worn with either of the frocks mentioned in the plaid woolly scarf with tam to match, which is appealing to all types.

### NEW HATS HAVE LACE VEILS

Decorative Is Draped About Brims, Drooping Over the Face to Tip of the Nose.

Many of the new hats have short lace veils draped about their brims, drooping over the face to the tip of the nose. These lace "half veils" have sprung into popularity suddenly, being worn by practically every smart woman at the French races.

Birds' wings have come into prominence as trimming, particularly on small hats, which are in many cases encircled with masses of them. In fact, in Paris at the Theater Michel, where one of the smartest fetes of the season was presented, one of the society leaders wore an original and much-talked-of headdress made of upturned wings of kingfisher feathers, three or four placed one above the other on each side of her face.

### For a Stout Figure.

For the woman who has grown stout to disguise the figure is one of the great arts at present, and in this the cape is a welcome aid to the older woman. Made in every sort of fabric, from the plainest to the loveliest, the cape has varieties beyond enumeration. One model shown is of a straight band of kasha cloth held at the neck by a matching double scarf weighted with two tassels; it might equally well be made of heavy wool, of silk, or of the lightest or the heaviest fabrics. In tulle, matching the evening gown, these capes give an added distinction to the costume, cleverly blurring the outline of the figure.

### If Knitting Sags.

Knitted wool sweater coats sometimes sag at the shoulder. To prevent this sew a bit of ribbon the length of the shoulder from neck to top of armhole, just fastening it securely at each end.

### "Polly" Characteristic.

The word "polly," which was applied as a nickname to the French soldier during the World War, means hairy or shaggy, and is generally used in that country to denote a man of strength and character, the idea being that men with hairy faces and arms and chests are strong.

## NEAT TOQUE OF BABY LAMB



Striking indeed is this hat, designed by a Paris milliner. It is a toque of baby lamb on which is mounted a tremendous bow of black velvet. The huge horseshoe ornament adds snap.

### OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Sacque suits will be shown for spring.

Kiddies will welcome filled cookies in their school lunches.

Crystal embroidery is a favorite decoration in gowns of crepe.

Skirts for debutantes are made seven or eight inches from the ground.

Crepe meteor and wool albatros is a combination that makes an interesting breakfast coat.

The coat dress of heavy fabric is particularly smart and practical for mid-winter wear.

Felt hats are being shown in large shapes. Flowers are the trimmings usually chosen, but a few are further-trimmed.

Match marks on a polished or varnished surface may be removed by first rubbing them with a cut lemon and then with a cloth dipped in water.

The fancy for strapped shoes covers the whole range of footwear, from the sturdiest of sport models to the lightest and daintiest of slippers for evening or boudoir wear.

Bright reds and greens, yellows and blues are noted in the sport suits for Southern resort wear, the coat or jacket being of the plain vivid shade, with skirt of white and colored stripes or all white stitched in a shade to match the coat.

### METAL CLOTH EVENING FROCK

Fabric Is Extensively Used for Formal Gowns—Majority of Dresses on Straight Lines.

Except in dance frocks for young and slight figures, the majority of the season's evening frocks are developed on straight lines, with novel and interesting color and fabric combinations.

Metal cloth is extensively used. One particularly fetching evening gown recently seen was made of chiffon in a rich violet shade, with no trimming whatever except a wide girdle of silver cloth caught at one side with a huge rosette of the same.

A gown that combined chiffon and silver cloth featured the former in a dull blue. The silver cloth was used to band the chiffon side panels of the frock, over which were draped extra panels of chiffon long enough to form side trains. Woven silver braid formed the girdle. A black velvet evening gown was made over a silver cloth slip, a wide silver braid in woven design serving as shoulder straps.

### BLOOMER FROCKS FOR GIRLS

Popular and Practical Mode of the Season for Little Misses—High Shades Smart.

One of the most popular and practical styles of the season for little girls of four to seven years is the wool jersey bloomer frock and the mother who has not experimented with this fabric in its various color combinations cannot realize how smart it is possible to make these inexpensive little garments.

High shades are particularly smart in the wool jersey dresses for children, colors like bright green, rose and a very deep lavender being popular. Such shades as wistaria and a pale yellow are combined with good effect. The fancy for bright shades does not mean that the more somber and practical colors are taboo. Henna and gray, brown and tan, navy and green are combined.

### Better Gray Than Dyed.

Grayness of the hair is more often hereditary than not. Sometimes worry, anxiety, a disordered condition of the scalp will help along the gray hairs. Aside from removing these latter causes, there is not much one can do for it. If you once start dyeing it, you are in for a lifetime of care or it. And then dyed hair, unless extremely cleverly done and dyed as near the original color as possible, is apt to be quite ugly.

### Velvet Hats.

Blue velvet looks on silver brocade slippers are charming, as well as new. Whatever the word of fashion sponsoring the wearing of black satin slippers with evening frocks this winter, there are many delightful slippers of brocade and satin in colors.

### Draws the Line at Chinamen.

A census man called at the home of a working man who was a noted reader of statistics and asked him how many children he had. The man replied that he had three, and that all there will be, as statistics tell us that every fourth child born in the world is a Chinaman.—Rocky Mountain Mirror.

## ARTIFICIAL ICE MADE BY FARMER

Freezing Weather and Pure, Clean Water Are Two Things Absolutely Necessary.

### METAL CANS OR BAGS USEFUL

In Very Cold Sections Water May Be Run Into House and Frozen in Layers—Must Be Cut or Chopped Out With Ax.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

To make natural ice, one essential is water, and the other is freezing weather. The trouble is that in many cases there is plenty of the right kind of weather, but little or none of the water, at least the kind of water that will be still long enough to be frozen. There are several ways of getting around this difficulty, according to "Harvesting and Storing Ice on the



in Times of Cold Weather Prepare for Summer—Harvesting Ice in a Northern State.

Farm," a farmers' bulletin issued by the United States Department of Agriculture.

**Making an Ice Pond.**  
Suppose a farmer finds no suitable lake or pond in his neighborhood. He can create an artificial lake by diverting a stream into an excavation, or by building a dam across a low place of ground. Some farmers have made artificial lakes in their front yards, and they have been pretty in summer as well as useful in winter. One thing that must not be forgotten is to keep these lakes pure and clean. How to do that is described in the bulletin.

But suppose a farmer has no place for a lake, although cold weather prevails in his part of the country for several weeks at a time. He can freeze his ice in metal cans or special paper bags.

"The cans may be made in any convenient size by a local tinsmith," says the bulletin, "and should be of galvanized iron, reinforced at top and bottom with iron strips."

"The bottom is made smaller than the top to make the removal of the ice easier. The cans are placed near the water supply, filled with water, and left exposed to the weather. A shell of ice soon freezes around the inner surface, and when the shell is from 1 1/2 to 2 inches thick, hot water is poured over the outside of the can and the shell removed. A hole is broken through at the top of the shell and most of the water inside is then poured out. As the freezing progresses water is poured into the shell, a little at a time, until a solid block of ice is produced. By this method only a few cans are required, which keeps the cost low.

**Advantage of Bags.**  
"About the same method is employed when special paper bags are used, although they do not last so long as the cans. The advantage of the bags over the metal cans is mainly in cheapness, for they are not so convenient to handle."

"Another method that can be used in very cold sections of the United States is to run water into the ice house and let a layer freeze. This is done by first constructing a dam of snow around the floor of the house (ten or twelve inches from the walls in order to allow sawdust insulation next to the walls. The interior of the house is then flooded with a few inches of water, which soon freezes, the procedure being repeated until the house is filled with ice. It is then covered with sawdust and closed up until ice is needed. A great disadvantage of this method is that in order to remove ice it must be cut or chopped out with an ax, which results in uneven and irregular pieces and considerable waste of ice."

### MANURE SHOULD BE KEPT DRY

In Process of Fermentation Ammonia, Which Contains Nitrogen, Is Washed Away.

Manure when it must be kept for a few weeks should be kept dry. It must be remembered that the nitrogen in manure is very easily washed away. Nor should manure be allowed to ferment. In the process of fermentation ammonia, which contains the nitrogen, is given off and this valuable constituent of a fertilizer is lost. Never use lime on manure as this also drives off the ammonia and hence destroys the fertilizing value in a large measure, the fertilizing value in a large measure.

### Success Means Work.

There are very many people who have great expectations, but the trouble with most of them is they won't exert the effort necessary to realize what they expect. They are content with comparative ease and comfort, and only think of hard work.

## ESTIMATE FEED COST OF EGG PRODUCTION

Records Show About What Amounts Are Used by Fowls.

Value of General-Purpose Breeds for Market, or for Hatching and Breeding Makes Them Most Desirable Birds.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Careful poultrymen like to know what it costs them to produce a dozen eggs, but it is not possible for anyone to tell them. With certain information obtained through experimental feeding to start with, they must figure it out for themselves. Since the feed constitutes the principal cost, it is possible to get some idea of the real cost if the amount of grain used in making a dozen eggs is known. The United States Department of Agriculture has kept records that show about what amounts are used by general-purpose fowls and Leghorns, and by using the local price for grain in connection with these figures the feed cost of a dozen eggs can be obtained with fair accuracy.

The grain consumed to produce a dozen eggs will vary a great deal, depending upon the skill of the poultryman, but it is assumed that he knows how to feed economically. The general-purpose fowls and Leghorns used in this feeding work were kept on the test while pullets and yearlings. As pullets the general-purpose fowls produced 130.5 eggs a year and \$3.1 as yearlings. The Leghorns produced an average of 138.7 eggs as pullets and 124.9 as yearlings.

The general-purpose pullets ate in a year an average of 6.7 pounds of feed per dozen eggs produced, and the yearlings ate 9.0 pounds. The Leghorn pullets ate 4.8 pounds and the yearlings 5.5 pounds. The general-purpose pullets ate 1.9 pounds more feed in producing a dozen eggs than the Leghorn pullets, and the difference increases very rapidly with the age of the stock, the general-purpose yearlings consuming 4.1 pounds more feed per dozen eggs than the Leghorn yearlings; therefore the Leghorn yearlings produced eggs upon much less feed than the general-purpose breeds.

The value of the general-purpose breeds for market, or for hatching and breeding, makes them usually the most desirable breeds for the general farmer and the backyard poultry raiser, while the Leghorns are especially adapted for the commercial egg farms, say the poultrymen at the department.

### PLAN TO MOUNT GRINDSTONE

Best Way Is to Have Legs Long Enough That Person Using It Won't Have to Bend Over.

The time-honored way of mounting a grindstone is on a stand with short legs so that both the person grinding and the one turning the stone have to stoop over and get a crick in the back. The new way is to have the grindstone mounted on a stand with longer legs so that both grinder and



Old-Wrong. New-Right.

turner can stand almost upright. The turner is done away with by the foot lever shown above, contrasting the wrong mounting with the right standard. Still better is to attach a small fly wheel and belt to the grindstone so that it can be operated by power from the engine on spray rig when not otherwise used, or from any movable or stationary engine available, or from an electric motor—Farm and Home.

### PREPARING GROUND FOR OATS

Many Successful Farmers Have Proven That It Pays Well to Disk Before Planting.

Experiment stations and many successful farmers have proven that it pays to put the ground in good seed bed condition before sowing oats. Disking of the stalk ground has proven better under most conditions than plowing. As it provides a seed bed that is better adapted to the requirements of the crop. As for wheat, the seed bed for oats should be firm underneath with a few inches of mellow surface soil. This sort of a seed bed can be produced by diskage.

### TUBERCULOSIS HITS CATTLE

Disease as Apt to Affect One Breed as Another—Immunity Depends on Management.

Tuberculosis is as apt to affect one breed of cattle as badly as another. No breed is immune and no breed shows greater immunity than another according to a study by government officials of official tuberculosis test records of nearly half a million animals. The herd breeds seem to be as badly affected as purebreds. The relative freedom of a herd from disease depends upon the management which it receives.

Some Similarity.  
"De man dot pays back what he owes," said Uncle Eben, "kin be a fright in need, de same as one dat lends you money."

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

## WORK THEY ENJOY

Darkeys in Their Element at Cane-Cutting Time.

Busy Scenes Are Those on the Sugar Plantations When the Harvest Is Being Gathered.

"Wake up, you niggers, and get your breakfast ready! Wake up and get to work!" rings through the streets of the little town still rapt in slumber.

Helen Robbins writes in the New Orleans Times-Picayune. Four o'clock and the cry goes slowly on. The black, foggy night lags in flight as if wondering when the brilliant sun will come to frighten it away. Loudly and more insistently the old man cries the alarm, alternating between a sing-song and a more emphatic call, till gradually one seems to know that life bestirs itself behind the closed doors of the cabins. Here a woman, opening the door, stares at the receding back of the crier, there a man's dark head protrudes from the white curtains in an open window and calls to a friend in the neighboring house. Smoke curls upward from rows of chimneys. The odor of coffee fills the air. Light gleams in the curtained doorways, and boisterous chatter proclaims the workers preparing for the field.

Soon they stream from the cabins, men and women, young and old; huge sun hats cover the dusky heads. The women's skirts, looped up by the strings about the hips, reach only to the knees, the upper excess of cloth forming a bustle effect of ample proportions. Pipes in mouths, slinger buckets in hand and cane-knives slung over shoulders, the colorful procession of workers winds its way, slip-slop, slip-slop, through the streets, into dusty roadways and on to the cane-field destination. Children, too, accompany it, to play with the shanty children on the plantation grounds. Or left to themselves at home they grasp their chance of uninterrupted squabble and play with happy hearts.

Now in the fields, the slashing of the tall cane stalks forms an accompaniment for the songs and chatter of the negroes. The overseer as he rides by, stopping his slow-moving horse for a moment to survey the fields of workers, sees banded backs, hears the calls to one another or the now almost breathless songs, and smiles a bit, for he enjoys the cane-cutting harvest as much as they. And truly the negroes enjoy it, that camaraderie especially, and the opportunity to exchange the sawmill jobs at \$2 and \$3 a day for \$1.50 and a full day's work in the field. They cut, as they say, "frum kin to can't," from the time when they can see till the time when they can't, and they enjoy it.

But the negroes are not the only ones who enjoy the cane cutting and grinding season. The boys of the neighborhood are in the element. When armed with a stout knife they battle against the huge ever-revolving carrier that hauls the stalks up into the mill and out of their reach. Better and sweeter still is the cane chewed on the sly in the solitary midst of a waving cane field, or "swiped" from loaded freight cars in the early morning, one eye "peeled for the watchman," the other on the lookout against warty cane. How thrilling are the after-hours spent at school for lesson failure or for "teasing the girls," when the other fellows are out in the cane fields or at the mill. And when knives are forfeited for a period, for cutting decks instead of cane, how cruel to them is the punishment! Sugar cane season is indeed a school season of cutting and squinting.

One can imagine, for hours at a time, the scenes taking place in the fields or in the mill, but cures and cures call and the fascinating plantation view must be left for fall house-cleaning, or garden-making, or bee-keeping, until the hell call once again.

In the meantime, negroes head to their task in the fields, the great mouth of the derrick hauls the cane into the carrier, boys and girls chew cane, and life on the plantation, a mild world in itself, goes along in humdrum, everyday fashion.

### Romance Had Sad Ending.

My first love affair was when I reached the age of fifteen. A young fellow in my class invited me to attend a party with him the following week. I accepted and was thrilled. My family were excited and mother was going to make me a new dress. I hardly slept that night thinking of the good time I was going to have, but I was doomed to a great disappointment, for the next day the young fellow kindly informed me that his regular girl had changed her mind, and he was taking her instead. I was not only heartbroken, but mortified when I had to tell the family of my spoiled romance.—Exchange.

### Valuable Food Neglected.

The neglected tropical American food plant, the pejibaye or chontaduro, is the rival of the famous Oriental date palm, and, like it, is capable of supporting human life almost unaided. Wilson Popeance, agricultural explorer of the Department of Agriculture, declares. While Arab tribes utilize the date palm as their principal food, the aborigines of southern Costa Rica and other countries of northern South America subsist almost exclusively during part of each year on pejibaye.

### Not Mountain Animal.

Antelope is purely an animal of the plains and open, rolling country, never being found in the timber, much less in the mountains, says the American Forestry Magazine. We have no history of its ever having been found east of the Mississippi river, and we possess no evidence of this kind through the discovery of fossil or sub-fossil remains in this region, nor in Indian mounds and tradition.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Mercury Feb. 23, 1822.

Yesterday, being the anniversary of the birth of Washington, was noticed in this town with testimonials of respect. At noon a salute was fired from Fort Wolcott, by Major Crane's company of Artillerists. The flags of the Union were displayed from the garrisons, the revenue cutter, and the shipping; and in the evening a ball was given in Masonic hall.

The north-east snow storm on Monday last was very severe. The snow fell nearly a foot deep.

On the sixth instant as the stage from Washington to Annapolis crossing the ferry a high wind frightened the horses; they all four went overboard and were drowned. The passengers were not injured.

Married in North Kingstown on the 11th instant Mr. Stephen Ayres Robinson of this town to Miss Sarah H. Potter, daughter of Mr. Jeremiah Potter, of that town.

Died on the 13th instant, Gen. Isaac Claiborne, aged 73 years. He was an officer of the Revolution, and a Colonel in the late war.

Dutree J. Pearce and James Townsend, administrators, advertise for sale the mansion house of the late Nathaniel Hazard, now used as for the Custom House.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Mercury, February 24, 1872.

Ever since the extension of the Old Colony Railroad to this city we have been promised a commodious depot, but this like all large bodies moves slow and the depot is not yet. (Fifty years later we are still waiting for that "commodious" depot.)

The centennial observance of the declaration of our independence at Philadelphia in 1776, is to be the most extensive celebration ever witnessed in this country. Hon. Samuel Powell, of this city, has been appointed to represent this state in the convention to arrange matters.

The effort to elect an alderman from the first ward was not successful on Monday, the vote standing for George B. Hazard 65, John C. Stoddard 52, and Enoch G. Young 25.

The attorney general in the great Tichborne case has broken the record for long speeches. He spoke four hours a day for thirteen days and began the fourteenth with unflagging endurance. (The Mercury does not say whether all the jury were living or not at the end of the fourteenth day.)

A judge in New York explained to a jury in that state that "waiting on" was "the technical term in New England for courting."

Mrs. William B. Astor died in New York on Thursday last aged 73 years. She was the daughter of Gen. Armstrong, Secretary of War under President Madison. For several summers past she has resided in this city with her granddaughter Mrs. Hon. John W. Chandler, to whom she left in her will \$10,000,000.

TWENTY FIVE YEARS AGO.

Mercury, February 27, 1897.

In Washington Wednesday Senators Aldrich and Wetmore and Representative Bull made a strong plea before the Committee on Appropriations for the payment of the claim of the three widows of the men who were killed by the explosion of gun cotton at the Torpedo Station in 1893.

William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution have presented to the schools in the Coddington building a fine engraving of the head of Washington, copied from Gilbert Stuart's painting. The presentation was made by letter from the Chapter which was read by Mr. Perry, the gift being accepted by Mr. Campbell, in behalf of the schools.

The Rhode Island Society Sons of the Revolution was given a grand banquet Monday afternoon by the president of the society, Mr. W. Watts Sherman. At the close of the banquet the President made an eloquent address, followed by Mr. John Austin Stevens, the orator of the day. Other speakers were Attorney General Dubois, Mayor Boyle, Congressman Capron, Hon. Wm. P. Sheffield, Judge Darius Baker, Col. Wm. P. Sheffield, Jr., Supt. of Schools Benj. Baker, Rev. T. Calvin McClelland, Mr. L. D. Davis, and Dr. V. Mott Francis. The health of George Washington, proposed by the President, and drunk standing and in silence, was the last of the exercises and brought to a close one of the pleasantest and most notable gatherings ever held in Newport.

In accordance with its usual custom Washington Commandery will give a grand ball on Easter Monday. The dedication of the Henry R. A. Cary School building will take place next Friday at 2:30 P. M. The address will be delivered by Hon. Thomas B. Stoddard, State Commissioner of Public Schools.

The Newport Artillery, Colonel Sawyer commanding, will be in Washington next Thursday to attend the inauguration of President McKinley. The Naval Reserves will leave here tonight for the same destination.

Dr. Benj. Greene, Mr. Anson Greene, and Mr. John F. Chase of Portsmouth left Thursday for an excursion of fifty days. The principal points to be visited are Cincinnati, Cleveland, New Orleans; thence by the Southern Pacific to California.

Borden Chase one of the oldest residents of Fall River, died at his home on Grove street on Saturday. For many years Mr. Chase was a prosperous farmer on the Island, where he and his wife kept open house and entertained with bountiful hospitality.

Mr. Robert W. Curry is very seriously ill at his home on Washington street.

A CHARGE DISPROVED.

During the last presidential campaign, it was commonly said that President Harding was opposed to co-operation with other nations. He was held up as a representative of a party that desired to make the United States an isolated and hermit country, which would simply mind its own business and hold itself aloof from other nations.

Mr. Harding said all through the campaign, that he believed in co-operation, only he did not believe in the particular form of co-operation provided for by the League of Nations covenant that President Wilson had drafted.

At an early stage in his administration, President Harding manifested his willingness to work unitedly with other powers, by calling the conference to limit armaments. Secretary Hughes presented a far reaching and radical measure of co-operation, the proposed agreement that the three leading powers should limit their naval construction. And this scheme was carried through with but slight changes, constituting a tremendous achievement toward a better world understanding.

At every stage in this Washington meeting, the American government worked for harmonious action to settle world problems. It checked the movement toward building costly fortifications. It promoted amicable settlements of disputes related to Pacific possessions and the territory of China. The conference achieved results far beyond expectations and it has taken a long step toward world unity.

Whatever then the opponents of this administration can say against it in the coming campaign, they can not say that it is against world co-operation. It has made itself a tremendous force for such co-operation, and is entitled to the support of every citizen who believes that the nations should work unitedly for common ends.

"UNCLE JOE."

The recent announcement of "Uncle Joe" Cannon that he would not again be a candidate for congressman, has elicited many expressions of regret. When a man proves able to get elected 23 terms to Congress, he must have unusual qualities, and his career will have suggestions for people who aspire to political success.

Uncle Joe Cannon has been a man who aroused strong antagonisms. He was long considered the embodiment of staidness. His conceptions of political life were in many respects those of former days, and the changing current of the times left him behind in those particulars.

Yet he had certain sterling qualities that were very useful. Most congressmen seem to be worrying as to whether they are going to get re-elected or not. They often sacrifice their own convictions to curry favor with influential interests, without regard to the opinion of the mass of the people. Uncle Joe did what he thought was best and right, and never worried about re-election. But he almost invariably came back by a thumping majority. The people appreciate sincerity.

Also he stood outside the system of pork distribution and trading of favors. When other congressmen thought to make good by getting lavish appropriations for their own districts, and securing support for the same by voting for extravagance in other localities, Uncle Joe refused to play the game. He stood outside the vicious system of log rolling, and spoke up for economy and judicious use of the people's money. Probably he did not get any marble postoffices for cross roads towns, but his constituents knew he was working for the public good.

Many people who have disagreed with Mr. Cannon, are sorry to see this old war horse turned out to pasture, and they wish for him a serene and happy old age.

THE PASSION FOR WORK.

When Thomas Edison's birthday occurred the other day, his associates could not persuade the famous inventor to quit work. He kept digging at his job just the same as if he had not become 76 years of age on that day. Most people quit active labor long before this period of their lives.

Mr. Edison's inventions in such fields as electric lighting, telephony, the phonograph, etc. have improved and brightened living conditions for practically everybody. But this achievement, marvellous as it is, is no more noble than the splendid example that Mr. Edison sets daily of devotion to his daily task.

While others must have pastimes and diversions to keep them amused, Mr. Edison finds abundant joy in exercising his own wit on his daily job. The thought that he is improving living conditions for the world is play enough for him. If more of his spirit could prevail in ordinary life, the problems of the world would be solved.

THE FEARS OF FRANCE.

The French government is blamed because it insists on a big payment of reparations by Germany, which tends to upset the financial equilibrium of the whole world.

Yet if folks had been in the position of France, had they seen a nation having 20,000,000 more people come across their borders, and ravage, burn, and destroy without any reason, our people would sympathize with this fear. The unprovoked German invasion was the greatest outrage of history. They tried to cripple France for a century and they should now do what they can to repair the damage.

But magnanimity pays. Probably the French people would come out best, if they would leave it to impartial authorities to say what the Germans can pay. The approval of the world will be worth more to France than any gold marks.

Their Taking Ways.

There was a swap social in Oak Park the other evening. The local paper, commenting on it, said: "Everybody took something they didn't need. Many of the ladies took their husbands."—Chicago Herald and Examiner.

BEAR PLAYFUL HOLD-UP MAN

Bruin Most Interesting Thing in Yellowstone Park, Says Big Game Hunter.

BOSS OF SUMMER TOURISTS

A Geyser is Only a Geyser, but a Bear is a Humorist, Says Edmund Heller—Big Game Is Increasing Rapidly.

New York.—The bear as a playful hold-up man who rifles tourists' automobiles and breaks into hotels for food is one of the uncertain quantities of Yellowstone park, says Edmund Heller, the big game hunter, who has just returned from several months in the park studying the wild life of larger animals for the Roosevelt wild life experiment station connected with the school of forestry at Syracuse university.

Mr. Heller likes bears. He has spent hours watching and photographing them during the past summer, and thinks they are by far the most interesting things in the park, more so than the geysers and hot springs. A geyser is only a geyser after you have seen it a few times, says Mr. Heller, but a bear is a source of infinite humor to those who study him.

Big game in the park is increasing, with the exception of mountain sheep and antelope, he says. Much of his report will be devoted to methods of preventing the graceful sheep and antelope from disappearing altogether from the Yellowstone. It is not their natural habitat, for in winter, unless restricted, they would move south into the Dakotas, he says. As it is they stay in the park, many freezing to death. On the other hand, moose are increasing rapidly, and elk are so numerous that they can be heard bawling all day long as they charge across the bottoms. They number at least 10,000. Mr. Heller said he frequently saw large herds with bulls driving their cows and trumpeting defiance at the world. Mule deer are also increasing fast, and beavers fill the streams, he says.

Increase in Tourists.

The greatest change in the Yellowstone in the last few years, however, is in the greatly increased number of tourists, according to Mr. Heller. The automobile and the war are both largely responsible, although, oddly enough, most of the tourists are Westerners, to whom wild country is no novelty. The park is filled with camps at which automobile parties may stop for the night under the supervision of a ranger to see that they do not fire the woods.

The bears are a constant source of interest to these tourists. If cars are left a moment a fat, black bear may soon be found pawing the seat and upholstery to pieces in search of food. The bears are fairly tame, because they are never molested, but they are wild enough to claw the tourist who tries to drive them off with nothing more than temper and a stick.

"The rangers really have to protect the bears from tourists," says Mr. Heller, "because the animals flock around the hotels for food." Occasionally a tourist gets tangled up with one so badly that the bear has to be shot. Now the bears have regular feeding places where the waste from the hotels is dumped. The tourist watches from behind a screen with a ranger looking on with a rifle to protect both the tourist and the bears. "They come looting in at regular hours, often a mother bear bringing her cubs. She will put the cubs up a tree and tell them to stay there. If they come down while she is feeding, she runs back and cuffs them into the tree again, just like naughty children. Bears often go back after a meal, climb a tree in full view of people and go to sleep."

Bears Are Funny.

"They are funny things. They walk like a man when they stand up. When they are in a tree they often sit like a man, with legs dangling on each side of a branch and clutching the trunk in front of them. They often break into hotels. Big logs will baffle them, but any ordinary house with clapboards or square corners which they can get hold of they rip open with a few pulls from their powerful paws."

"One bear followed me around for days, trotting at my heels like a dog. We called him 'the kodak bear.' He was as tame as a kitten. They are dangerous for persons who don't know how to treat them, however. There are about 60 grizzlies in the park now, although they are not seen so often as the others and, of course, are more dangerous. You should see the black and cinnamon bears run when a grizzly comes up to the feeding place behind the hotel. They scatter in every direction and take to the trees, for a grizzly, although he can run like a horse, can't climb trees."

"The deer and elk also come up to the houses to be fed, and sometimes deer can be fed from the hand. One old elk is called 'Ash-Can Pete' because when he comes looking for food he goes around tipping over all the ash cans. He had been there for years. Everybody knows him."

The buffaloes, which seemed in danger of extermination a few years ago, are now increasing so rapidly that there are two large herds of them in the park, says Mr. Heller.

Thankful for Something.

Jimmy had long wanted a brother, so when twins, a boy and a girl, arrived at his home and he was told a baby sister and brother had come, he heaved a deep sigh and said: "Gee, I'm glad it wasn't all sister."

SENTENCED TO SCHOOL

Illiterate Boys and Girls Forced to Study.

West Palm Beach Bad Children Will Be Sent to School of Opportunity Instead of Jail—No Pro. vide Clothing.

West Palm Beach, Fla.—Illiterate boys and girls under the age of twenty-one who are brought into Municipal court here in future will be sentenced to the school of opportunity instead of jail as the result of a movement launched by Municipal Judge Joe L. Earmann, former newspaper publisher and editor, and backed by the Rotary club and other civic organizations.

The school of opportunity has been organized along the lines of the usual public school, with a board of three trustees, consisting of Judge Earmann, City Manager Carl Middle and Chief of Police Frank Matthews.

Business men have offered to provide suitable clothing for students who otherwise might feel embarrassment because of their attire, and Judge Earmann has taken it upon himself to provide text-books, having placed an order for \$500 worth of readers, arithmetics, spelling and writing books, to which subjects the course of study will be confined.

The youngsters sentenced to the school will become members of special classes and will be instructed by a teacher employed by the city school board. Classes will be held in the city school building at hours which will not conflict with the regular classes of the school, the girls and young women to attend from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m. and the boys from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m.

In order that the students may have individual instruction, classes will be limited to twenty members, and when the pupils have worked their way through a simple spelling-book, a second reader and fractions, they will be given diplomas, with all the ceremony incident to a high-school commencement.

VAGRANT SIGNALS FUSS RADIO

Expert Declares No One is Able to Say Whence Mysterious Flashes Come.

London.—Despite the most diligent research, experts are not yet able to say whence the mysterious "vagrant" signals come that every day, and particularly at night, are received on wireless aerials.

"From the earliest days of long distance wireless telegraphy the difficulties in reception due to vagrant or natural electric waves passing down the receiving aerial have been the bane of the wireless telegraphist," Prof. John Ambrose Fleming of London university told the Royal Society of Arts. He said: "Having regard to the fact that the positive atmospheric electrical potential gradient of the earth increases at the rate of about 100 volts per meter of ascent, roughly speaking, it is not surprising that aerials several hundred feet high may be traversed by quite large currents due to this cause alone, which may utterly swamp the feeble signal currents."

WALKS 60 MILES TO GET FOOD

Russian Braves Snow and Cold for Needed Gift From New York Woman.

Moscow.—Serge Victorovitch Torsky walked 60 miles through the snow from his home in the country of Riazan to this city recently, to receive a \$20 remittance purchased for him by Mrs. Mary Mardinn of 2020 Washington avenue, The Bronx, New York.

When Torsky arrived at the American relief administration warehouse here he was almost exhausted from cold and hunger. He could hardly believe his eyes when, after establishing his identity, he received 234 pounds of nourishing food, consisting of 85 pounds of flour, 50 pounds of rice, 40 pounds of canned milk, 20 pounds of cooking fats, 20 pounds of sugar and 6 pounds of tea. "I have a wife and four children at home," he said, "and this will save them from starvation. Mrs. Mardinn can never be adequately repaid for this kind deed."

Traced Through Correspondence.

Lawyers and others whose business it is to find missing heirs to unclaimed fortunes declare that women are much more difficult to trace than men, owing to their change of name at marriage. They are, however, more ready to keep up correspondence with girl friends of their youthful days, and they often have cause to bless these old remembrances.

Estate of Thomas Cobb.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby give notice of the admission to probate by the Probate Court of the City of Newport of the last will and testament of Thomas Cobb, late of said Newport deceased, and the qualification of the Executor by giving bond according to law. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court according to law beginning February 18th, 1922.

D. RAYMOND SHANAHAN  
Executor.  
DUNCAN A. HAZARD  
Clerk.

Estate of Arthur Kavanagh.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby give notice of the admission to probate by the Probate Court of the City of Newport of the last will and testament of Arthur Kavanagh, late of said Newport deceased, and the qualification of the Executor by giving bond according to law. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court according to law beginning February 18th, 1922.

MARY NIXON  
Executor.  
DUNCAN A. HAZARD  
Clerk.

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EVERY DAY One Hundred People are doing this and they GET RESULTS

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New York Via Fall River Line

Large, Comfortable State Rooms Orchestra on each Steamer  
Fare \$4.44  
Lv. Newport, (Long Wharf) 9:45 P.M.  
Due New York 7:00 A.M.

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, So. Sheriff's Office, Newport, R. I., October 11th A. D. 1921.  
BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 8556 issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, A. D. 1921, and returnable to the said Court November twenty-sixth, A. D. 1921, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the fifteenth day of July, A. D. 1921, in favor of J. R. Jenkins of the City of Providence in the State of Rhode Island, Plaintiff, and against William L. Anthony of the City of Newport, defendant, I have this day at 10 minutes past 3 o'clock A. M. levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, William L. Anthony, had on the twelfth day of November, A. D. 1919, at 3 minutes past 9 o'clock A. M. (the time of the attachment of the original writ), in and to a certain lot or build of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations and bounded and described as follows:—Northernly by land now or formerly of Margaret L. Van Allen, Easternly by lands now or formerly of Margaret L. Van Allen and lands now or formerly of Mary M. Redwin, southerly by lands now or formerly of Rebecca M. Crump and westerly by Cornerhill Avenue, be all of this said measurement more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 25th day of February, A. D. 1922, at 10 o'clock A. M. for the satisfaction of said Execution, with interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING  
Deputy Sheriff.  
Newport, R. I., January 25, 1922.  
For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to SATURDAY, the 11th DAY OF FEBRUARY, A. D. 1922, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING  
Deputy Sheriff.  
Newport, R. I., February 11, 1922.  
For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to SATURDAY, the 25th DAY OF FEBRUARY, A. D. 1922, at the same hour and place above named.

Mortgagee's Sale

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed made by William C. Tennant, Jr. (with Elizabeth C. Tennant, his wife, in release of dower) to the Savings Bank of Newport, dated September 30th 1917, and recorded in Volume 9 at pages 180 and 181 of the Mortgages Land Evidence of the City of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, breach of the condition of said mortgage having been made and still existing, the said Mortgagee will sell at public auction, on Barney street, in front of the land hereinafter described, on MONDAY, the 27th day of February, A. D. 1922, at 10 o'clock noon, all the right, title and interest which said William C. Tennant, Jr., and Elizabeth C. Tennant had at the time of the execution of said mortgage and did by said mortgage convey, and to that certain lot or parcel of land with the buildings and other improvements thereon, located in said Newport and bounded southerly on Barney street, westerly on (late) formerly of Nicholas Hassard, deceased, Northernly, on land of John F. Tennant, and Easterly, on land of the said John F. Tennant, or however otherwise bounded, said premises being all that was granted by said Mortgage Deed, which deed is hereby made part hereof.

And the said Mortgagee hereby gives notice that it intends to bid for said property at said sale thereof.

THE SAVINGS BANK OF NEWPORT.  
By Grant P. Taylor, Treas.  
Newport, R. I., 1922.  
2-11-22

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., February 6, 1922

Estate of Simon Dodge

REQUEST in writing is made by Bessie T. Dodge, wife of Simon Dodge, late of said New Shoreham deceased intestate, that she, Bessie T. Dodge, of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administratrix of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the 6th day of March, 1922, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,  
Clerk

Too Bad!

Little Helen, aged six, was taken to her first baseball game. She became quite excited when her father cheered some particular play and waved his arms. Helen followed suit. At the critical stage, in the eighth inning, the batter got to first and then scooted for second, which he managed to reach just in time by a perfect slide. Helen was quite distressed and turning to her mother she said: "Oh, mama, what a play! The poor man slipped."—Boston Transcript.

Macawley Looked Up to Sister.

Macawley read all his articles to his sister before sending them to the printer and placed great reliance on her judgment.

NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE RAILWAY COMPANY

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence

Week Days—7:35, 8:50 and each hour to 4:50  
Sundays—8:50 and each hour to 7:30



Winter Shoes

Shoes for men, women and children in the proper styles and weights for winter wear.

Rubbers, Overshoes, and Rubber Boots

in complete stocks of styles and sizes.

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